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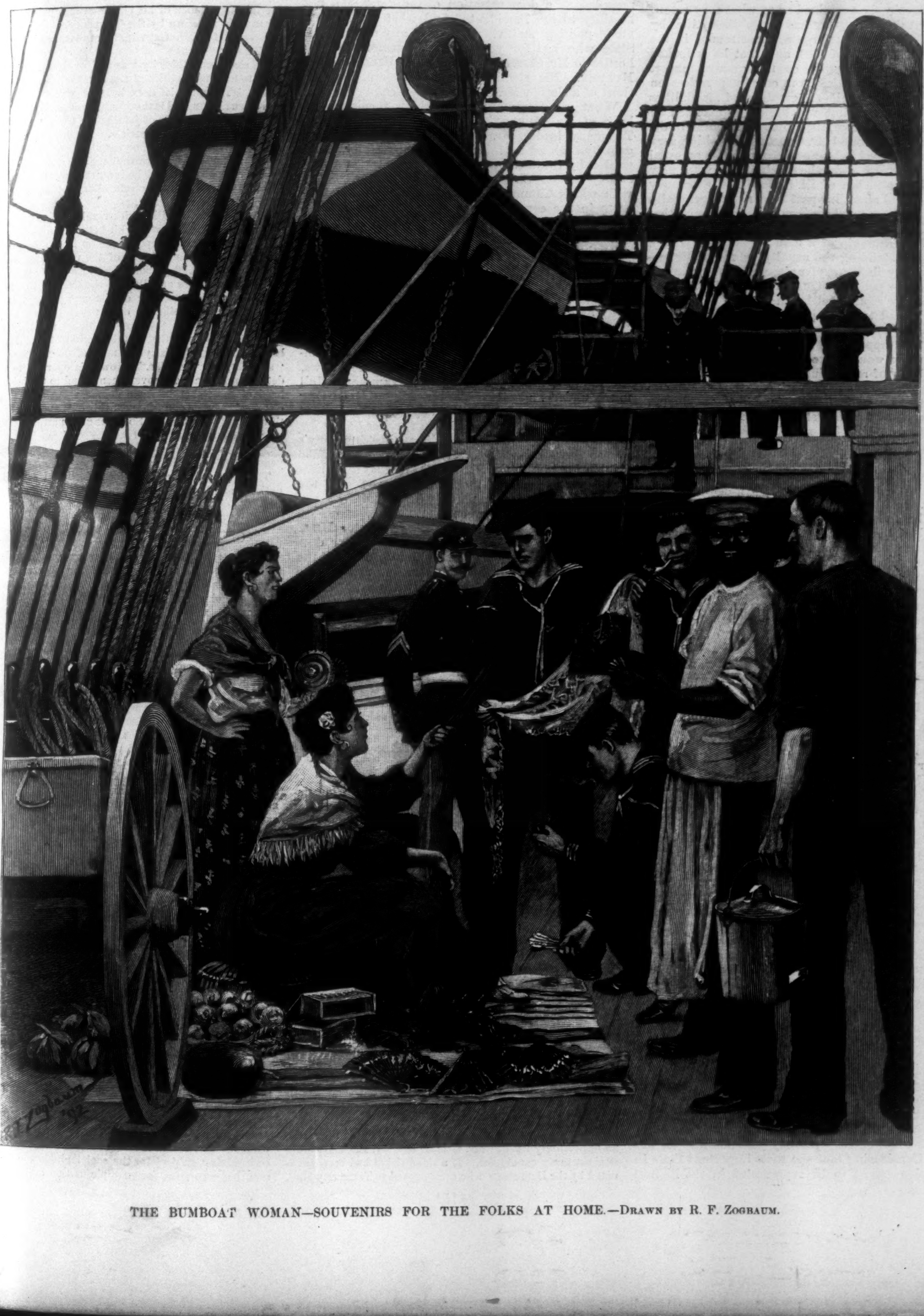

THE BUMBOAT WOMAN—SOUVENIRS FOR THE FOLKS AT HOME.—DRAWN BY R. F. ZOGBAUM.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

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CRIMINAL FOLLY IN POLITICS.

FROM Pennsylvania comes the news that a large majority of the Republican members of the Legislature of that State have declared themselves in favor of continuing Mr. MATT QUAY in the United States Senate, and that, in fact, the re-election of Mr. QUAY is certain. It is hardly necessary to set forth in detail how he has made himself famous. When those who speak of him as a "statesman" or a "great leader" are closely examined as to what they mean, it turns out that Mr. QUAY has earned these titles by a very effective use of large sums of money in the Presidential election of 1888, and that he is looked upon, rightly or wrongly, as the greatest expert among American politicians in corrupt practices on a large scale. But while the greatness of his abilities and services in this line was highly appreciated by the beneficiaries thereof, the "better elements" in the Republican party found Mr. QUAY'S leadership a very uncomfortable load to bear on account of his personal record. He was found to be emphatically what may be called a politician of ill fame. The extremely bad stories told about his past career were generally believed. He seemed to confirm the worst that could be said of him by procuring the nomination for the Governorship of a man of his own stamp, who, notwithstanding the usually enormous Republican majority in Pennsylvania, was ignominiously defeated at the polls as "QUAY'S man." Thus QUAY was distinctly repudiated by the people of his own State. He had to give up the chairmanship of the National Republican Committee, and seemed to be destined to disappear forever from the political horizon. Nobody would have thought for a moment of the possibility of re-electing him to the Senate.

His resurrection as the favorite for the Senatorship of the active Republican politicians in Pennsylvania furnishes one of the most striking illustrations of the spirit of the working force of the Republican party. As a boss he has, of course, a certain control over the members of the party machine. But a boss who, in the opinion of his followers, has no future, will soon lose his hold. We remember how quickly in this State Mr. CONKLING was dropped by the machine as soon as he appeared to be only a man of the past. It is evident that Mr. QUAY is still regarded by the Republican politicians of Pennsylvania as a man of the future. And why do they regard him so? As they frankly tell us, the reason is simply this: In 1888 MATT QUAY had the handling of the Republican campaign fund, and Mr. HARRISON was elected. In 1892 somebody else had the handling of a much larger Republican campaign fund, and Mr. HARRISON was defeated. This proves that the Republican party this year had not the right kind of leadership. Had MATT QUAY been at the head of the organization, the use of the same means by the same man would have produced the same result as in 1888. Ergo, MATT QUAY is to be recognized as the "statesman" to lead the Republican party to future victories. And with a view to this end he is first to be kept in the Senate.

This reasoning is simple, and in its way conclusive. If the Republican party is to regain power by the use of money, MATT QUAY is unquestionably the man of the future as well as the man of the past. But the politicians who calculate thus entirely forget that the moral aspect of the tariff question has played a most important, if not the decisive, part in the recent canvass; that the corrupt tendencies fostered by the policy of the Republican party have disgusted and driven to the other side thousands of Republicans; that MATT QUAY is looked upon as the very embodiment of those corrupt tendencies, and that to put him in a position of leadership in the Republican party, or even in a prominent place in its councils, will do more to make its recovery utterly impossible than any single act that we can think of. Thus in re-electing MATT QUAY to the Senate, to put him on the road of future leadership, the Republican politicians are simply driving another nail in the coffin of their partisan hopes. It is not only a crime, but a blunder.

A similar spectacle we are witnessing in the State of New York. The Democratic machine, including Tammany Hall, have resolved to elect Mr. EDWARD MURPHY, Jun., to the Senate of the United States. It is needless to discuss that gentleman's qualifications as a statesman. Nobody pretends that he has any. Considering that the most important State in the Union ought to be represented in the highest law-making body of the republic by more than ordinary ability, Mr. MURPHY'S election to the Senate will appear as little better than a burlesque. This is not said to impugn Mr. MURPHY'S private character, which is no doubt better than that of some of his future Senatorial colleagues. This, however, will satisfy neither the interests nor the dignity of the State of New York. But Mr. MURPHY'S election to the Senate has also a national importance. The Presidency will be filled by a citizen of New York. If the ruling influences in the President's party in his State have any regard for him, they will see to it that a man of character and ability be sent to the Senate who may be expected to act as the President's parliamentary friend, adviser, and spokesman. He should be in substantial agreement with the President as to the principal points of policy, and upon such personal terms as to make confidential relations possible. Senator HILL being known as Mr. CLEVELAND'S political if not personal enemy, his colleague now to be elected should be the administration leader. If the Democratic majority in the Legislature fail to elect such a man, it may justly be regarded as a demonstration of indifference if not hostility to the President. And what is Mr. MURPHY'S political status? If there is any man in this State who has for years been as demonstratively hostile to Mr. CLEVELAND as Senator HILL, it is Mr. MURPHY. His election would, therefore, be little short of a slap in Mr. CLEVELAND'S face.

What can Tammany Hall, which furnishes the bulk of Mr. MURPHY'S supporters,—what can the Tammany leader, Mr. RICHARD CROKER, expect to gain by such an act? How Tammany Hall was regarded by the Democracy of the country appeared clearly at the Chicago Convention. The fidelity with which Tammany Hall supported Mr. CLEVELAND in the campaign has served to assuage that general ill-feeling. But if Tammany Hall now shows any spirit hostile to the man it helped to elect, the scene will change again. The only advantage Mr. CROKER can have in view in pushing Mr. MURPHY for the Senate is to secure through him and Senator HILL a large share of the plunder for his organization. Will he serve that object in the way proposed? It is no secret that to Mr. CLEVELAND the election of Mr. MURPHY will be positively offensive. Mr. CLEVELAND knows also that Tammany Hall will be responsible for it. He knows, furthermore, that he cannot favor Tammany Hall much under any circumstances without incurring popular censure. Will he be disposed to favor it at all if it begins by striking him in the face?

But it may be said that if he disregards Tammany's wishes, the two Senators from New York will make trouble for him in the Senate. Will they? Where would the majority of the Senate, where would the bulk of the Democratic party, where would the people stand in a fight between GROVER CLEVELAND on the one side, and Senator MURPHY, Senator HILL, and Tammany Hall on the other? No sooner does Tammany Hall show any disposition to obstruct the success of the national administration, and thus to break the peace of the party, than the cry "Down with Tammany" will resound more fiercely than ever from Maine to California, and the organization of the "anti-snappers," now sleeping, will instantly revive, and then, backed by the administration, make Tammany Hall rue the day when it committed the folly of defying and insulting Mr. CLEVELAND by making Mr. MURPHY Senator. A more striking illustration of the blundering short-sightedness of "practical politicians" can hardly be imagined.

THE SEPARATION OF FEDERAL AND LOCAL ELECTIONS.

THE recent election furnished many admirable illustrations of defects in our political machinery. Among other subjects on which light was thrown is one which has been much discussed—the practice of choosing local, State, and national officers on the same day. Fortunately the Presidential election afforded a number of bits of evidence in aid of the argument that local and Federal and State elections should be held at different seasons of the year.

So far as New York is concerned, a President and Governor can be voted for at the same election only once in twelve years; but in every county, and in many of the municipalities, of the State, elections for President and local officers are held on the same day, and, under the new law, candidates are voted for on the same ballot.

In the city of New York a Mayor is always selected at the same time that a President is chosen. Those who have been working most intelligently for municipal reform believe that this is an evil, and have advocated the holding of municipal elections in the spring. It is a perfectly well understood fact that tickets are often nominated for trading purposes; that, when two rival Democratic tickets are in the field and one Republican ticket, the Democrats will sacrifice the electoral ticket in return for votes for candidates for local offices, while Assemblymen and Aldermen are traded with all along the line.

In 1888 the trading was notorious. This year there was no opportunity for it. Mr. GILROY and Mr. EINSTEIN were straight party candidates. If a third ticket had been nominated by the Democrats who are opposed to Tammany Hall, the supporters of Mr. EINSTEIN might have gained some Democratic votes for the Republican electoral ticket in return for Republican votes cast for one or the other Democratic candidate for Mayor. But there was no chance to trade. That this was true led to an incident which is illustrative of the character of many of our local politicians and demonstrative of the necessity of minimizing their power to trade away great offices of State for the spoils of the city government. It was the secession of the notorious Eighth Assembly District Association of Republicans from their old allegiance to Tammany. It is said that, in pursuance of an agreement, they proved their claim of power to the leader of Tammany by scratching the name of Judge ANDREWS. In return for their loyalty they are expected to receive municipal favors, mainly from the Excise Commissioners.

There being no opportunity to trade, the Democratic electoral ticket received the votes to which it was entitled. No Republican candidate was in a position to give a vote for GILROY to a Democratic elector who wished GILROY to succeed in return for a vote for HARRISON. Every Democratic district leader knew that GILROY was sure of success, and consequently the cutting of Mr. CLEVELAND was no more than was to have been expected as a result of the natural and inspired dislike which large numbers of Tammany voters entertain for all men of his character and political methods. It was fully made up by the independents and Republicans who voted for Mr. CLEVELAND and refused to vote for Mr. GILROY.

The election in this city was a clear demonstration of the value to national politics of a separate election day for local officers. The mischief done in local politics by trading has been often shown, and is thoroughly understood. The second illustration of the evils of joining the two elections we shall take from the country districts. There is no more reason why a sheriff, or register, or county clerk should be voted for on the tariff issue than that their acquaintance with the shorter catechism should be inquired into, and the practice of joining them with the electoral and Congressional tickets is productive of much evil.

Those who are familiar with rural politics know that the country machine is not a whit better than a city machine; but there is much independence on local affairs where the candidates are all neighbors of the voters, and in ordinary years character and personal qualities have a good deal to do with the success or failure of the ticket. But in a Presidential year the machine of the prevailing party of the county has everything its own way. It may load all its worst characters on the electoral ticket, and they will succeed, although they may cost the national ticket a few votes, because in Presidential years most of the voters want to be "straight," or "regular." How this operates to the great detriment of the local governments, and to the injury of the head of the ticket in some degree, was shown in the late election in several counties near this city, and the evil spreads throughout the State. So strong is partisanship in this country every four years that the local machine is able to do what could not be done with any hope of success in other years.

The union of Federal and local elections is an evil to both national and local interests, and it is as great in the country as in the city.

OUR NEW YORK ARISTOCRACY.

WE are at the opening of the season, and the aristocracy of New York is arranging itself for the coming winter. Doubtless in every other city in America there is something like this going on. The charming and delightful people who compose what is known as society come back to us in the autumn, as the birds come in the spring, and they flutter and coo, and make the streets and drawing-rooms and newspapers vocal with their cries and songs and various notes of pleasure and occupation, just as their feathered fellows fill the woodland with their noisy seriousness.

At present they are marrying off their young people, usually experienced persons with little longing for Arcadie, and with an accurate knowledge of each other's range of freedom and limitation of obligations. They are also much occupied in dividing themselves up into sets, and in arranging circles within circles, admission to which will indicate the possession of varying degrees of nobility. For example, to the assemblies of the Patriarchs and "Matriarchs" are admitted all degrees of distinguished social excellence on which the arbiter of fashionable destiny has fixed his seal. Then the lines begin to be drawn, and there are Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and so on circles; there are dancing classes; the bachelors withdraw themselves, and the maidens of a generation's worth of blood or a million dollars' worth of father get together in a mysterious union, and graciously permit it to be understood that every one who receives an invitation to their entertainments, whether it be a plain ordinary ball or a CARMENCITA midnight at some one's studio, may consider himself or herself a kind of American duke or duchess. And so they go, up and down. The coteries put tabs on themselves. Sometimes they call themselves "cotillons," and sometimes "dancing classes," and sometimes "circles."

There are few things funnier than the Acts of Exclusion passed by coteries of American aristocrats. They are to be classed under the head of special, rather than general legislation, for, as a rule, each member of the set is admitted on his own deserts, while the inner and outer circles and the fringes are differentiated and composed by a mental process the logic of which is beyond the understanding of any one but the traditional woman.

There is a painful seriousness about the pleasures of the American aristocrat that makes her (for it is generally the woman who rules in these matters) a most interesting, nay, entertaining, subject for the social philosopher. She must seek her comrades, for example, not so much among those whom she likes as among those whom she must like, and she must devote herself to amusement with all the ardor of her soul and all the vigor of her body. In the countries where an aristocrat is born, not made, the members of the select body have certain public and useful functions, and the world is interested in their play, because that is part of the public ceremonies; but in this happy republic, where all are equal, the people whose social affairs are chronicled in the press are thus talked about simply because they play, and insist upon believing that the public is quite as much interested in their balls as in the graver affairs of state, and that it is much more of an honor to wear the tab of one of their coteries than to win a seat in the national legislature.

They take themselves very seriously, and they are partly right. At all events, they do the rest of the world very little harm, and occasionally, no doubt, have a good time. Certainly they ought to have—they try hard enough. And we all know that the active and persistent funny man will sometimes make a real joke.

FOOTBALL AND STUDY.

Much intercollegiate football has been played during the past few weeks, and much talk of the usual kind has been indulged in concerning college athletics in general. There will doubtless always exist a class of the community wholly inappreciative of the value of athletic sports and contests to our institutions of learning. Some of these are learned bookworms, with a higher regard for marks and standing than for intellectual delights. Their muscles are soft. Their lungs are rarely filled with fresh air. Their knowledge is as dry as the heated rooms in which they dwell. Their digestion is disordered, and their morality is of no credit to them, for they are not tempted.

This is a small class, and not nearly so important and influential as it was a generation ago. The day has gone by when it is assumed that a college professor must necessarily be a victim of dyspepsia. Hearty, wholesome men are now to be found in most of our faculties, and they love football, and enjoy the contests. There are some people who disapprove of college athletics, but who are simply laboring under a false impression, and are looking at the subject from a false point of view. Such people are worth reasoning with.

It is absolutely untrue that college athletics have worked injury to the intellectual achievements of our colleges and universities. On the contrary, they have been of immense advantage to the studious men. As for the men who actually participate in the sports, they acquire as much of an education as they would obtain if football and intercollegiate contests had never been dreamed of. Some of the best athletes have been studious men, and a strong-limbed youth with a capacity for intellectual work will not dissipate all his energies on the football field. It is doubtful if athletics have changed the bent or tendency of any boy. It may have interfered with the daily studies of some, and prevented the momentary acquisition of a few facts that would inevitably have disappeared in the busy rush of life after graduation. The majority of college students in this country are not bent on a studious life. Even many of those who enter what are known as the learned professions are chiefly intent on business. Four years of undergraduate life gives them some mental discipline by mere contact, and the games they play and talk about do not divert them from the little studious work which is absolutely required of them. No healthy boy subordinates play to study without an effort of the will. The stimulus of intellectual life is present in a college for every one, and benefits all but the dull and froward. The boy who is not influenced by it to make his studies of more importance than his play would be doing something worse if he did not pull an oar or kick a football.

On the other hand, the stimulus to physical exercise afforded by athletic contest has appreciably benefited the reading men, and must result in bestowing upon the teachers and professional men of the future, as upon all the coming generations, better bodies and longer lives. There will be fewer throat and lung troubles in the pulpit, fewer nervous prostrations at the bar and in medicine, heartier men in all the walks of life that, in our fathers' day and in much of our own, were filled with thin dyspeptics. The universities and colleges were never doing such good work, nor was their standard ever so high as it is to-day, while it is also true that never before was football so absorbing.

TWO BEAUTIFUL BOOKS.

Two beautiful volumes have just appeared from the presses of Harper & Brothers which have this in common, that they are attempts to illustrate the daintiest and subtlest literary art by the daintiest and subtlest pictorial art. Their writers are a generation apart, but they too have in common a sense of verbal "values" that has rarely been attained by an American writer. The first is Mr. Henry James's *Daisy Miller and An International Episode*, illustrated by Mr. Harry W. McVickar. The second is George William Curtis's *Prue and I*, illustrated by Mr. Albert Edward Sterner. In each the effort of the writer and of the illustrator has been aided by the most careful and tasteful attention to every detail of book-making. The paper, the type, the press-work have all evidently been matters of curious and affectionate care. The result of these pains is two volumes that any American would be glad to send to an international competition as exhibits of what his countrymen have attained in delicate literary art, in delicate design, and in delicate and sumptuous typography.

The choice of Mr. McVickar to illustrate Mr. James's two little masterpieces was especially happy, because, though neither of them is of very recent date, each is an unmistakable example of "modernity," of the latest stage of culture attained by the American inquisitiveness applied to literature. Of this curiosity that will not be baffled or thwarted, the successful American novelist is an example, in an unobjectionable sphere, not less striking than the American interviewer, who has been the subject of one of Mr. James's own most entertaining tales, in a highly objectionable sphere. Mr. McVickar, as everybody knows who knows his work, is as deeply imbued as his author with the sentiment of "actuality," and as strictly an illustrator of his contemporaries. We have no difficulty in recognizing his "types" in these very taking designs, and whether or not they happen to be the precise types the novelist had in his mind, they render the page more vivid to the reader, besides their very great inherent attractiveness. What we should scarcely expect with so much confidence from Mr. McVickar he nevertheless gives us, and that is local color, the local color of Switzerland and Italy conveyed in designs of great grace and picturesqueness, and of a quaint antiquity and mellowness in the illustrations to *Daisy Miller;* the local color of New York and Newport and London in the illustrations to *An International Episode.*

Mr. Sterner's illustrations to *Prue and I* are not less fortunate in their consonance with the spirit of the text. The author of this charming idyl might before his death have complained with Milton, if it had been in his sweet and sound nature to complain of anything, that "it were a folly to commit anything elaborately composed to the careless and interrupted listening of these tumultuous times," for it must be owned that to the younger generation *Prue and I* has been an unopened if not a sealed book, and that it is among the tender recollections of the middle-aged and the elderly almost alone. If this superb presentation of it have the effect of reviving a general interest in the book itself, it will do its best service, for Mr. Curtis's art is here seen at its very best; and it may well be that it was to his consciousness that the neglect into which it had fallen was undeserved that he himself indicated it to his publishers—as, unhappily, there can no longer be any indiscretion in mentioning—as that one of his books that would lend itself most readily to "fantastic illustration." Mr. Sterner has caught admirably the spirit of his text, the whimsical personation of a man already old and retired when his chronicler was young, of a New York Charles Lamb of more than a generation ago. In his illustrations, although they adhere to the mode of Paris, and invade the printed page, and "compose" with fragments of type, the artist has vividly recalled that quaint and quiet New York that was when George William Curtis was young and Grace Church was "uptown," and that seems so much quainter and quieter now by reason of the contrast its relics and its recollections offer to the roaring New York that is.

It is a matter for congratulation that the pains that have been spent upon these sumptuous volumes should not have been wasted upon ephemerides, but bestowed worthily upon classics, and that they should give proof so complete and gratifying of the best that American authors as well as American illustrators and American publishers can do.

HARSH TREATMENT OF BRITISH PLAYERS.

Word comes across the Atlantic that the management of one of the London theatres has incurred criticism by providing in its new contracts with actresses that it may cancel the engagement without previous notice if the actress marry without the management's consent. This provision has been denounced as an unwarranted abridgment of the liberties of actresses, and indeed it does seem a carrying of a reasonable precaution to an unreasonable length. To have provided that actresses should not marry more than once without the management's consent during the period covered by the contract would have been a precaution that no reasonable actress could resent. For really actresses should not change their husbands as they do their gowns, and a thrifty management might well object that two or three marriages (with incidental divorces) were more than any conscientious British player could accomplish during a single engagement without undue diversion of her energies from the work of her profession.

But to forbid marriage altogether during an engagement seems the imposition of an unnecessary hardship. Take the case of an actress upon whom the habit of getting married has become fixed, but who happens at the time of signing the contract not to be under sentence of matrimony. By the same stroke that enables her to provide for a husband she binds herself not to take one, and finds herself compelled to face, alone and unprotected, the season of her severest labor, during which she stands most in need of the peaceful recreations of domestic life and the countenance of a man whom she can call her own. To make the case worse, not only is the actress hard-worked, but she is too often a mark for gossip and even calumny. When ill-natured assailants threaten to bring down about her ears the precious edifice of her fair fame, what resource has she unless at the time she has, or can provide, a husband of her own whom she can fling into the breach? Would another woman's husband do? Alas, no! The husband must be her very own, or he is worse than useless. Yet this cruel London management, though perfectly aware that no woman needs a husband more than an actress, provides that the ladies of his company shall not have the right to marry even once in a season without risking the summary termination of their engagement.

What makes the restriction all the more unkind is that actresses not only have exceptional need of husbands, but are exceptionally liable to lose them. This is largely due to the circumstance that they usually marry actors. Actors, as a class, are fickle. It is hard to say it of them, but the records demonstrate that it is true. One thing that makes them so is that their business keeps throwing them into tender relations with actresses, and as actresses are notoriously charming, the actors keep falling in love with new ones. The natural result and remedy of that is that in the theatrical profession there is more marrying and giving in marriage, and also more taking back, than in any other profession we know of. So long as the law is allowed to take its course, the supply of marriage contrives to keep up with the demand, but when a management steps in with prohibitory contracts the equilibrium is upset, and mischief may reasonably be expected to follow. English law, though, like American law, has no liking for contracts in restriction of marriage, and will not enforce them if it can help it. There is still a chance that it may step between this hard London management and the objects of its severity.

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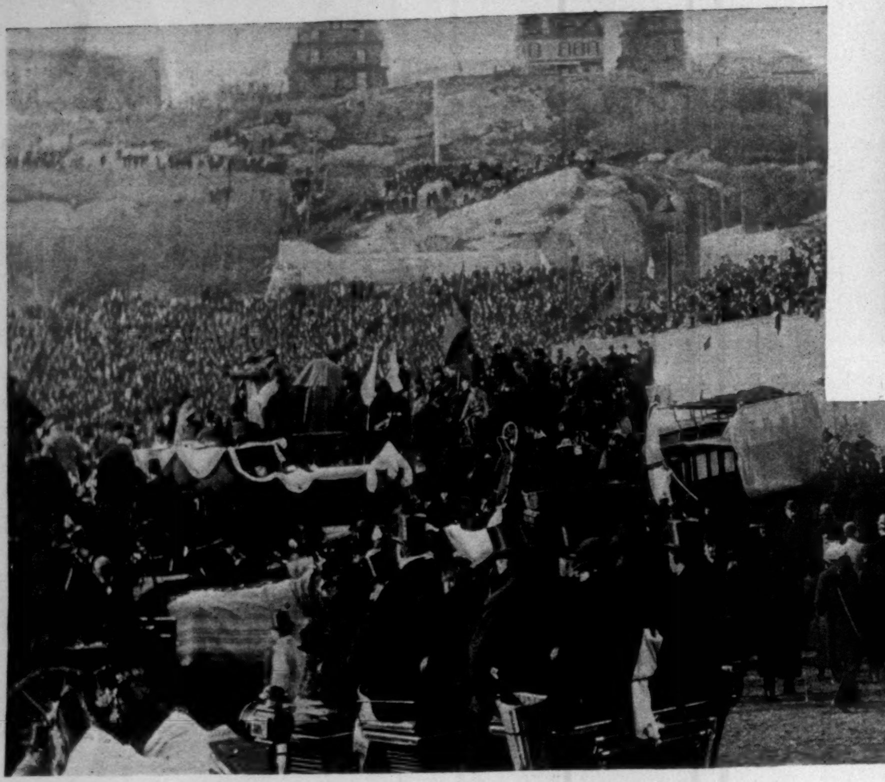

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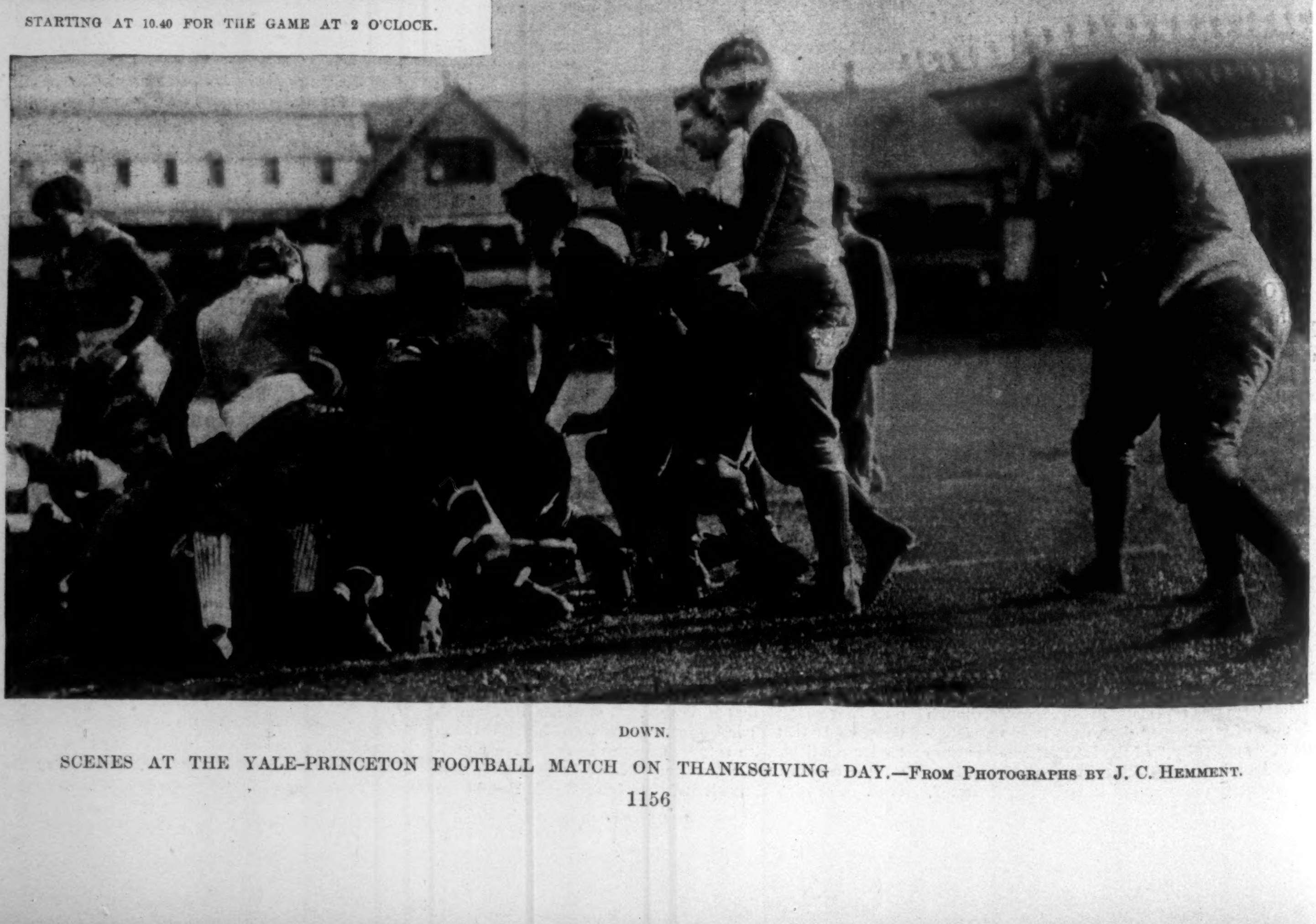
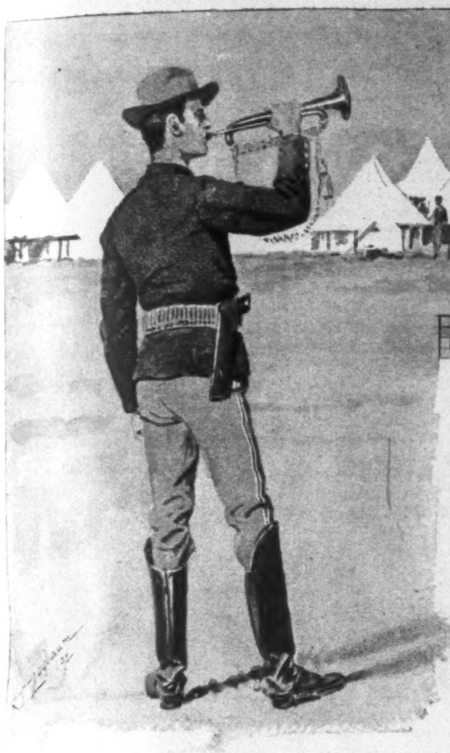
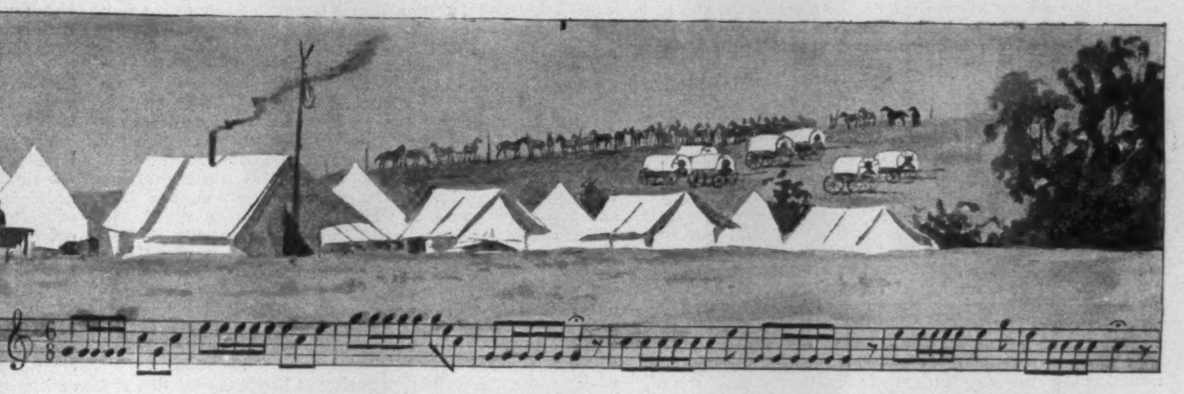


DOWN.

SCENES AT THE YALE-PRINCETON FOOTBALL MATCH ON THANKSGIVING DAY.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY J. C. HEMMENT.





UNCLE SAM'S CAVALRY HORSES.

BY RUFUS FAIRCHILD ZOGBAUM.

> "Come, get to the stable, as fast as you're able,
> Water your horses, and give 'em some corn;
> For if you don't do it, the kurnel 'll know it,
> And then you will rue it, as sure as you're bo-o-orn!"

OUT on the broad space between the line of headquarter tents and the city of canvas in front, standing erect and trim in his easy-fitting field dress, the trumpeter is sounding "stable call," and the clear martial notes of the trumpet ring out merrily in the clear air of the evening. The sun, low on the horizon, throws glancing rays of golden light over the rolling prairie, and casts a long dark shadow from the soldierly figure on the silver-gray grassy surface of the plain; warm creamy white shine the tents of the camp; here and there the scarlet and white folds of the troop guidons, planted by the wall tents of the first sergeants, wave languidly; while beyond, the cone-shaped "Sibleys" of the men run in regular streets at right angles with the row of officers' quarters, where the smoke from the kitchen fires in their rear rises blue as indigo against a cloudless sky.

The men "fall in" in front of their quarters and march to the picket line, and the officers, singly or in groups of two or three together, all in natty fatigue dress, and some of them swinging light sticks in their gauntleted hands, saunter leisurely towards the end of the company streets, whence the whinnying and pawing of hundreds of horses are borne towards us on the sluggish current of the air.

"Come along and take a look at the horses," says the colonel, knocking the ashes from his brier-wood on his spurred boot heel, and rising from his seat on my cot in the tent, where we have been smoking and chatting together. "They're not a bad lot of brutes, everything considered, and under the present system of purchase by contract, it's a wonder we do as well. Formerly we used to have the buying of our mounts in our own hands, but now they all come to us through the Quartermaster's Department, and with the best will in the world on the part of that branch of the service, it can't be expected, I suppose, that we should always get the horses best suited for work, the nature of which those engaged in it are best qualified to understand. However, Congress makes the laws, and all we have to do is to obey them, and do the best we can with the means furnished us."

In long lines lariated to the picket rope stretched along the ground, and fastened to iron pins securely driven into the soil, the horses stand, while the troopers, busy with curry-comb and brush, are grooming them under the direction of the sergeants walking up and down with rapid steps in the rear of the lines. We stroll about, the colonel and I, going from one troop to the other; and my companion, a veteran cavalryman of thirty years' service, makes a rapid and informal, although comprehensive, inspection of his command.

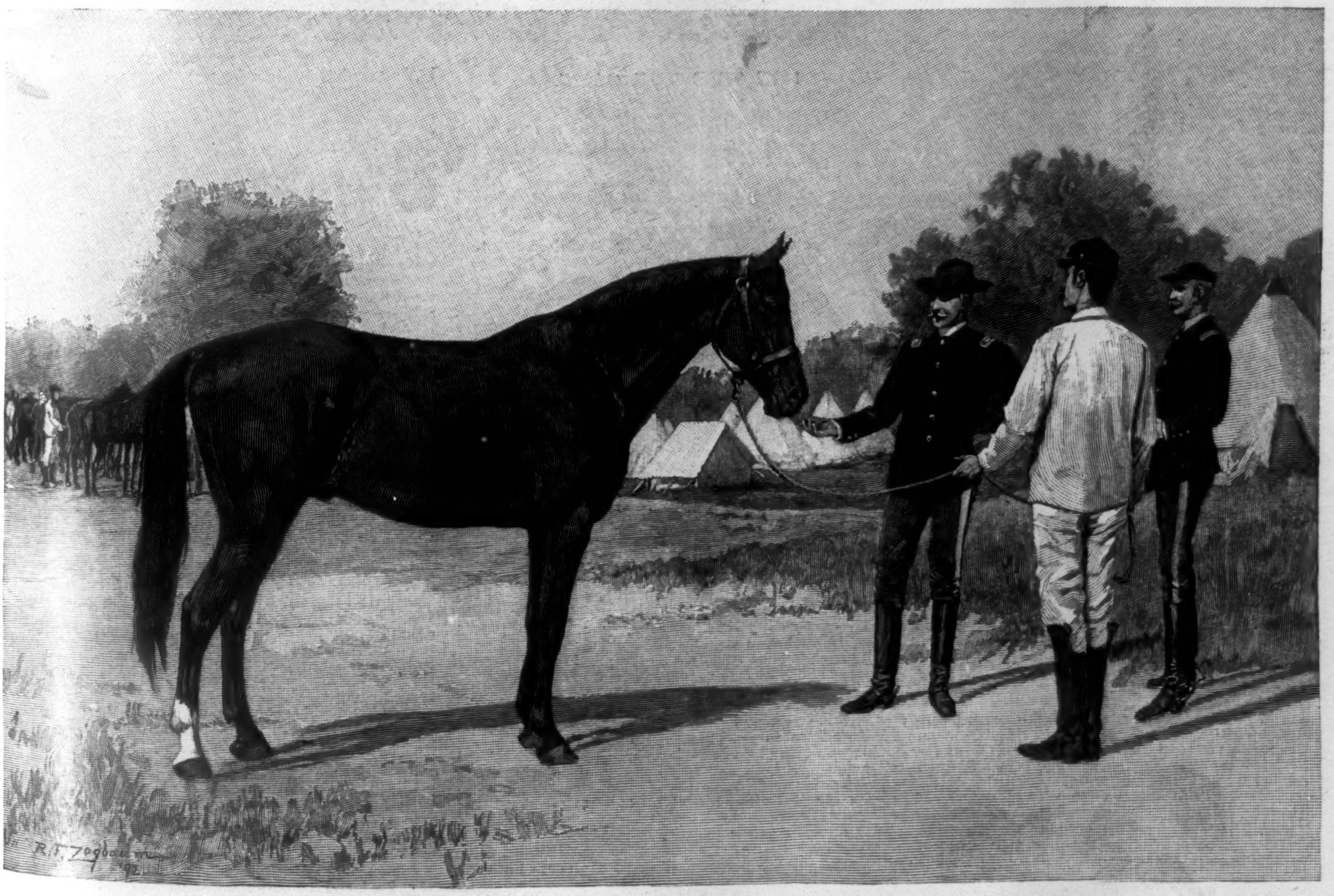
"We haven't been scattered over all creation lately, as we used to be not so long a time back," he says; "and this season we've had a show at getting our four-footed comrades into something like good shape. Of course out here in the field we can't keep their coats quite as slick as in garrison, but they're in fairly good condition, for all that. These grays here are not a bad lot of horses. Thoroughly serviceable brutes these, but a little hard to keep looking clean in the field, although McBlank there"—nodding to the stalwart young officer, who smilingly raises his hand to his soft campaign hat on our approach—"is as proud of his charges as a hen with a brood of ducklings. There are some handsome fellows among those blacks there, too, although some claim that horses of that color are not as tough as the bays or the grays; but I doubt if the captain of K Troop will acknowledge that his mounts are not as good as the best;" and the colonel, a grin under his heavy drooping mustache, glances at that officer, who is deep in conversation with the gray-haired, bronzed-faced first sergeant of his company. The horses generally seem to be in good condition; all look sleek and well cared for, although we have been in the field for several weeks; but the service has not been very arduous, and the general health of the whole command—both of men and horses—has been improved by the free life in the open. As nearly as possible each troop is composed of horses of a uniform color. The majority are bays, but there is a troop of blacks, one of dark browns, one of grays, and two of sorrels, while one company—that of the junior captain—has horses in it of several different colors, bays, however, predominating.

Stopping near a troop of bays, the colonel points out a clean-limbed, glossy-coated horse, whose small head and slender neck, broad chest and powerful quarters, indicate his descent from aristocratic blood in far Kentucky.

"Now this fellow here is an old soldier, and a great friend of mine. Oh, sergeant! Just lead Gettysburg out here a moment. There; that'll do. Thank you," and the colonel strokes the broad straight forehead, and caresses the small, nervous, pointed ears, while the horse rubs his velvety muzzle affectionately against the commanding officer's sleeve. "Getty and I have had plenty of hard work together, haven't we, old boy? And I rode him once through a devilish rough campaign in Arizona. He's a typical cavalry horse," continues the colonel, gazing admiringly at the handsome creature. "Do you note the small head and large, prominent eyes? That's intelligence. See the long shoulders sloping well back, the full broad deep chest, the straight forelegs standing well under, the large barrel, increasing from girth to flank, and the elevated withers, and the back short and straight—a perfect back for the saddle. Note the breadth of the loins and the muscular haunches, the slanting pasterns and small feet. Whoever bought that chap knew a good cavalry horse when he saw one."

The Army Regulations, paragraph 273, state that horses for service in the cavalry should be "geldings of hardy colors, sound in all particulars, in good condition, well broken to the saddle, from fifteen to sixteen hands high,* not less

* Notwithstanding the provision in the regulations as to height, the writer knows of half-breed Spanish horses—broncos—having been accepted for service in southern Texas and Arizona at 14½ hands. They proved excellent for the hard mountain and desert campaigning of that country.


R. F. Zogbaum '92.

THE COLONEL'S FAVORITE.—DRAWN BY R. F. ZOGBAUM.

than five nor more than nine years old, and suitable in every respect for the cavalry service." That under the contract system of purchase as it at present exists by law these requirements are but partially fulfilled, cavalrymen generally will, I think, agree.

The law provides that all purchases shall be made by contract, after legal advertisement, by the Quartermaster's Department, and *an inspection by such department* under the direction of the Secretary of War. Unless the manner of conducting these inspections has been changed recently, the practice has generally been to employ experts—civilians—to make them; the horses have been purchased, branded with the government mark, "U. S.," and forwarded to their destinations without further inspection. In an interesting paper published in the *Journal of the U. S. Cavalry Association* for March, 1888, Captain Harris, First Cavalry, says: "Cavalry of the most perfect efficiency in points of discipline, instruction, and armament, becomes comparatively worthless as cavalry when poorly or indifferently mounted ....The artillery have a standing cause of complaint in that they are given no share in the work of devising and constructing the guns which it is their function to make use of, and yet their guns are provided by a corps of specialists educated for the purpose. Will it be conceded that horses are to the cavalry of less importance than guns to the artillery, and will cavalry officers acquiesce without a protest in the recent changes brought about by Congressional legislation, whereby the selection and inspection of cavalry horses are delegated to the civilian employés of the Quartermaster's Department?"

It certainly seems only reasonable to presume that the cavalryman himself is the best judge of the qualities of the animal he is to use, and that inspections, if not purchases, by officers well informed in their branch of the profession can be much more efficiently made, and that the results would prove of more benefit to the cavalry service and saving to the government than can possibly be the case when troop horses are selected by civilians, who, however unimpeachable their character for integrity may be, cannot be supposed to be familiar with the requirements of the military service. Many a soldier has had cause for bitter complaint, and has muttered curses deep if not loud, over a system that has condemned him to ride day in and day out some long-backed "jigging" brute with legs like a trotter and a mouth hard as iron, or a heavy, lumbering, big-limbed farm-horse, more fitted to drag a milk-wagon over a city street or a plough through a field than to carry a trooper; and a few such animals in a company, the other horses of which are of the best, may materially injure the efficiency of the command as a whole, particularly in marching, when the movement must be regulated by the powers of the poorest horse "in the outfit," as our Western friends would put it.

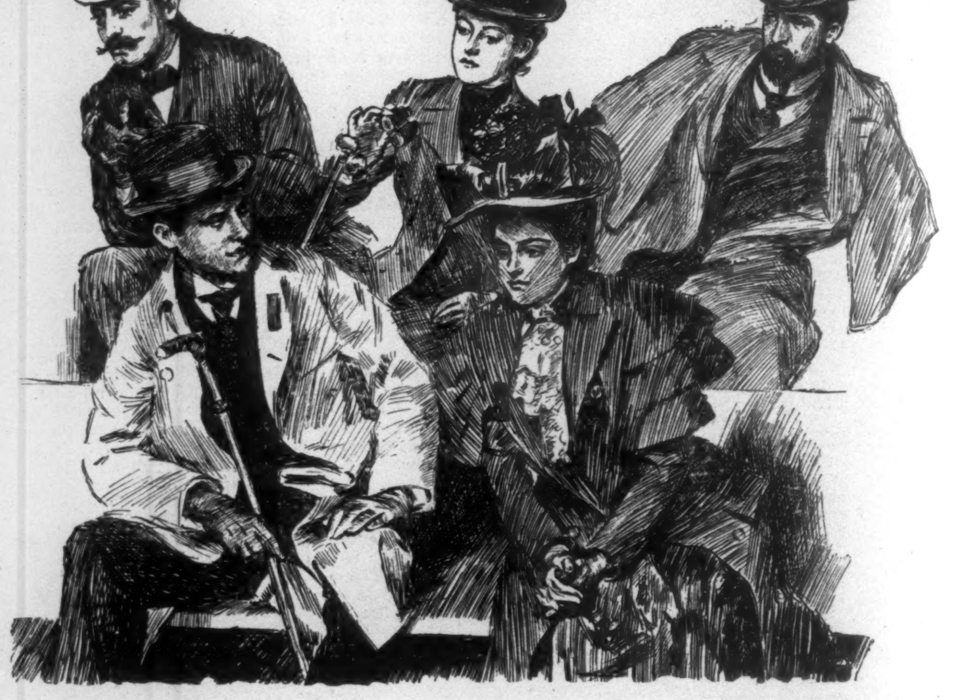
Horses for the cavalry service are purchased mostly in St. Louis, and occasionally in Louisville, Kansas City, Omaha, San Francisco, and other points. The prices paid for them under the contract system range from $140 to $175. They are usually shipped in herds of from thirty to sixty direct to the headquarters of the regiment for which they are designed, without being put through any course of preliminary training for the new life they are to lead, and after a few days' rest are delivered to the various troops where remounts are needed, due regard being given to color.

The arrival of a herd of new horses at a cavalry post is always a source of much interest to the garrison. Officers and men—particularly the latter—take the first opportunity that occurs to visit the corral or stables, and have a look at the recruits, as they are justly regarded, and their qualities, good, bad, and indifferent, are commented upon and criticised by all hands, from the dignified commanding officer down to the young imp of a trumpeter born and bred in the service.

Like the newly enlisted soldier, when he first enters the army, where everything is so different from the life he has been accustomed to as a civilian, the "recruit" cavalry horse is surrounded by things new and strange to him, and it takes some time for him to become accustomed to the routine of his military duties and the regular and orderly manner of his new mode of life. His stable, where he and some scores of his companions are housed, is usually very good nowadays, although it is not so very long ago when at some posts the buildings and accommodations for the horses left much to be desired in their general adaptability for the purpose required. Before dawn of day the horses are awakened to be fed, and the recruit frequently has his digestion impaired by the shock and fright caused him by the sudden boom of the morning gun, and the unaccustomed clanging trumpet notes, as the field musicians sound reveille. But he soon becomes used to this, and eventually recognizes many of the calls, particularly those referring to anything affecting him individually, as "stable call" or "watering call," the halt, the advance, and others, and I have time and again noticed the impatience of horses on herd to return to the picket line when stable call has been sounded in camp some distance away. That the sound conveyed a distinct meaning to them other than the frequently recurring calls of the camp during the day, which they never noticed, was evident by the action of the horses—their restlessness, their raised heads, and eager neighing. Horses that have become panic-stricken—"stampeded" the soldiers say—are often recalled by the quick sounding of "stable call" by as many trumpeters as can be assembled at the moment. I know of an instance of the kind where six troops on herd were "stampeded," and were galloping madly away, utterly beyond the control of the herders, when the trumpeters lustily sounded "stable call." Like human beings, horses have their leaders; how selected, I will not venture to state, but in every troop certain horses lead the rest; and no sooner had the notes of the call rung out over the din and roar of the furious rush of the horses, when the leaders, circling around the camp several times, finally brought them to their several picket lines.

Not much service is required of the recruit horse for some time after he is assigned to his troop, and until he is fully acclimated. He gets his allowance of twelve pounds of grain and fourteen pounds of hay daily, and if his health is good, is very soon fat, and sometimes saucy, as shown by his friskiness when led out to the picket line or driven out on herd, which is a part of his daily life, particularly if the grazing is good on the military reservation. Once assigned to a particular troop, horses are rarely changed. They become accustomed to one another, and show much attachment to the horses of their own troop, protesting vigorously when separated from them, as no one better knows than I do, who have often been obliged to ride a troop horse when with some cavalry expedition, and whose daily battle for the mastery of the steed when the trumpets sounded the order to mount and march was a subject of interest and comment to all my friends in the command. Once, some years ago, while accompanying the Fourth German Army Corps during the autumn manœuvres, I rode a troop horse—a little "white-foot" sorrel, I remember—which, evidently mistaking a party of hostile cavalry for his own comrades, ran away with me, and carried me well into the enemy's lines almost before I knew what had happened. I was sitting quietly on my horse in an open field in the rear of an advanced line of infantry skirmishers, and, partly turned in my saddle, the right hand on the cantle, the left, with the lines held loosely in the fingers, on the pommel, was conversing with one of the officers. On our left were some buildings and large hay-stacks, to which my back was turned, and which masked the approach of a body of the enemy's cavalry, composed of a squadron of a regiment of "Green Hussars," another command of which was operating on our side, a white linen cover to the shako being worn to distinguish our troopers from their opponents. How it was that the horsemen were ever permitted to approach us so closely without their presence being discovered, I never learned. My sole recollection of the affair is of a confused roar of voices, a sputtering and thundering of hoofs, the startled and irregular discharge of musketry, and a sudden bound forward of my horse, almost unseating me, and I found myself madly rushing along in the midst of a galloping, hurrahing, sabre-swinging, dust-enveloped mass of horsemen, sweeping like a hurricane down the rear of the line of my friends, and swinging in a wild helter-skelter charge across the field. A green-sleeved, silver-braided arm is thrust under my elbow, a white-gloved hand rests on my forearm, and I look into a handsome smiling face alongside of me, and a good-humored if sarcastic "Guten Morgen" greets my ears as a young officer carries me off, not unwillingly, a prisoner for the time being. My horse had recognized beyond a doubt the familiar green tunics worn by his regiment, and even had I been prepared for the sudden attack, I doubt whether I could have held him.

The proper training of a troop horse is a matter of great importance. There is no provision made by the government for anything of the kind; no general depot or school for horses before being sent to their regiments; but their military education is left to the direction and care of the commanding officer of whatever troop they may be assigned to. Recruit horses are generally given to old soldiers, experienced cavalrymen, and never to new men unaccustomed to riding. When off duty, the soldiers are often allowed to ride their horses for an hour or two at a time, and very frequently the strongest kind of friendship exists between the troopers and their equine comrades. Experienced men are invariably gentle with recruit horses, humoring their fears at many strange sights and sounds, "bitting" and saddling them carefully, and spending an hour at a time, if necessary, in persuading them to approach unfamiliar objects. I have seen many a soldier sharing his hardtack and sugar with his horse, and a sure way to the heart of a veteran horse-soldier is to praise his mount. He is always ready to talk with you about his charger, to call attention to his good qualities, and to relate incidents of his superior intelligence and prowess.



SHE SEES THE GAME.

BY TUDOR JENKS.

New York, Thanksgiving Day, 1892.

Dear Mamma,—I don't feel the least bit sleepy, and so I thought I'd write to you before I went to bed. I don't know but it may be the champagne that keeps me awake, though I had only two glasses, and that wouldn't hurt a fly hardly. Anyway, I'm not sleepy, and I know you'd like to hear how we went to the great game.

I went with Cousin Philip, of course, and I wore a bow of his colors. Luckily it went nicely with my hat, or I might have had to wear the other colors, and Philip mightn't have liked that, though really it's none of his affair. We went in a big stage-coach, like the one old Steve Vinton drives, and they packed it full, and blew horns whenever they saw anything to blow about.

When we got to the grounds you never saw such a crowd as there was. Lots of fine-looking young men, but I didn't see hardly a pretty girl. There were one or two that looked nice enough, but they acted as if they thought they were beautiful. They were all wearing great loose coats, with a gathered pleat in the back, and some had double lapels. Just imagine it! They, some of them, wore real black-fox, but those were rather dressy. My dress was very nice, and I am ever so much obliged to you for it. The girls seemed not to have a very good time, to me.

We had to wait some time for the game to begin, but Philip kept me amused by making sarcastic remarks about the people we saw. He is too killing when he once gets started. I got into a regular gale once, and an old gentleman who sat just in front of us turned around and frowned at me once or twice. I'm afraid I made a kind of a face at him, but I hope he didn't notice it.

Pretty soon the people began to stamp, and I was glad and stamped too, to keep my toes warm. Philip pounded with his cane until I thought all the people would look at us. The old gentleman changed his seat to another part of the stand, and so we didn't have him to bother us any more. He looked at us just before he left, and Philip said (under his breath, you know): "*Must* you go? Well, ta-ta, Birdie." He is really *too* funny, when he gets started once.

After a while a lot of men in knickerbockers and colored stockings and something rolled around their necks came capering over the field like a lot of fat circus elephants. The people all yelled "'Raw! 'raw! 'raw!" only some hissed (and I think that was mean) and said, "Boo Ma!" Then another lot of fat men did the same thing, and so did the people, only louder and more of it, if possible. And after a while the people quieted down and let the game go on. But there was one funny man in ordinary dress with a long ulster who wouldn't get off the field, and it was the funniest thing in the world to see how he was always running after the ball, but running away again just as soon as the real players would charge upon him. I noticed, though, that whenever there was a dispute, which was pretty much most of the time, he talked the hardest of any. Like all cowards, he was a regular brag. I wanted to ask Philip about him, but remembered what you said about his not liking to be bothered during the game, and waited till afterward, when I forgot it. I think he must have been the Rusher.

Philip had a box of candy, and I think it was to keep me quiet. Anyway, whenever I seemed about to ask him anything, he'd offer me a caramel—and you know one can't converse with a caramel in her mouth.

The way they began the game was funny. One side hid the ball in the middle of a crowd, and the other side jumped at the crowd and tried to hurt the other players all they could. It was awful, but it didn't last long. As to the rest of it, it was just like the end of a church fair, when all the girls are trying to sell off the few things they've got left—just pulling and hauling and disputing. I saw one man stand right up in the air on the end of his nose for about a minute, and when he came down four men sat down on him as hard as they could. I shouldn't think it gentlemanly, but Philip says they like it. This fellow didn't, though, for they carried him off the field; and when I asked why they did that, Philip said that their fellows had made him tired. Philip got real excited. He stood right up once and cried out, "Down him, Stuffy—down him!" I asked him what it meant, and he said it was technical terms, and offered me more candy.

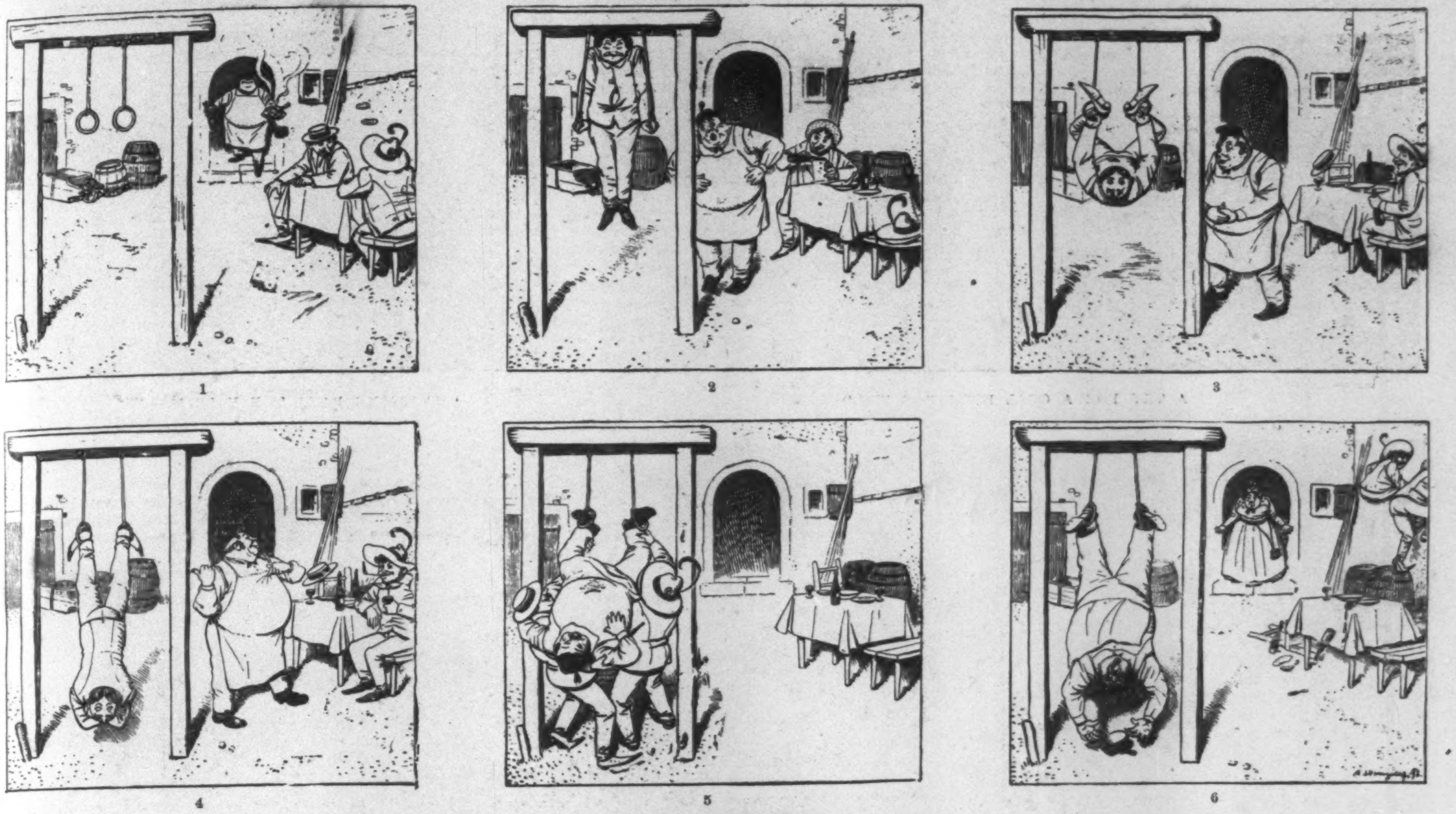
After a long while they ran past the other side's line, and it was a touch-goal or something. So they made one fellow lie right down flat in the dirt and hold the ball as if it was an egg; while another man, after squinting around, ran and kicked the ball as high as he could. Then how the people yelled and stamped! I saw even the old gentleman who didn't like Philip's pounding get right up and yell out something about a tiger. He must be a lunatic, I think. It was real funny, but after a while I got very tired of seeing the men stand in rows and punch one another. It seemed brutal to me.

I did know which one came out ahead, but I'm beginning to get sleepy now—I have yawned three times—and I don't remember.

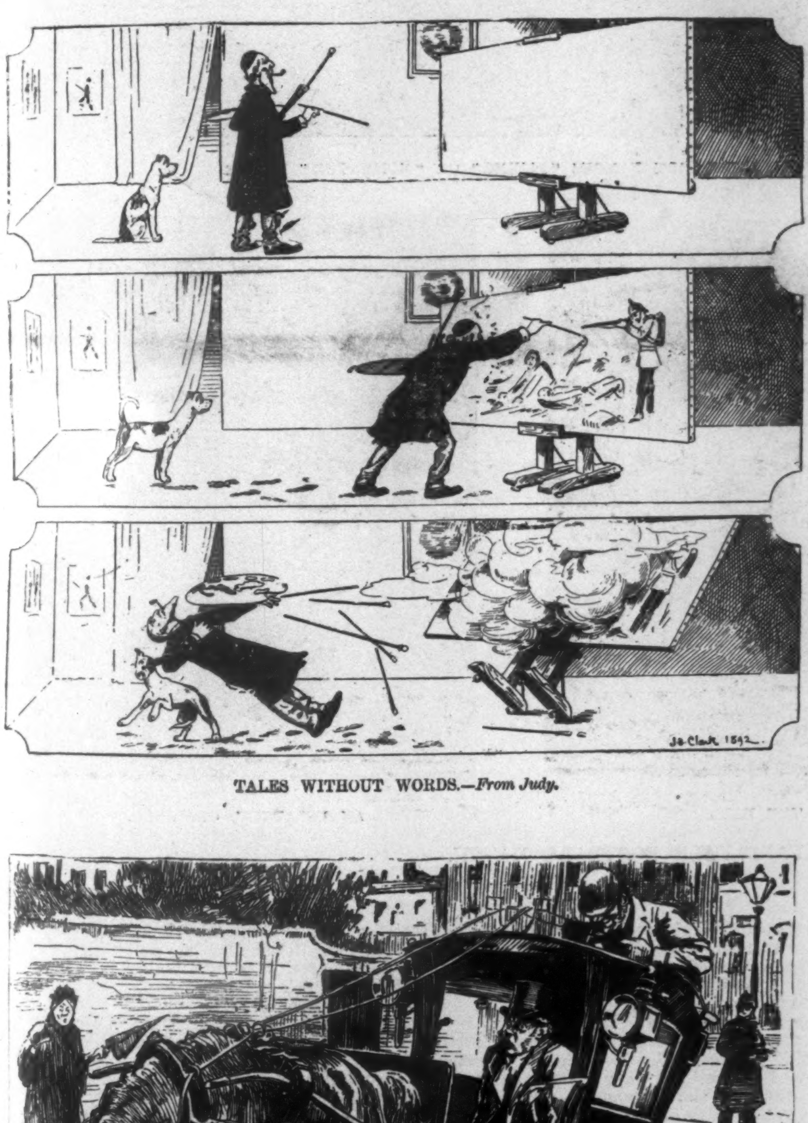
We had a good dinner, and Uncle Henry was very kind. He gave me the wish-bone, and we tried it, and I got the longer piece. I hope I'll get my wish. Maybe I'll tell you what it is when I get home.

I've learned a good deal about football; and I saw a good idea for a way to fix my brown hat for this winter. Give my love to Sophy, if you see her, and tell her I'll write soon. I think I shall enjoy my visit very much. Aunt Susan is very kind, and she likes the way my dress is trimmed.

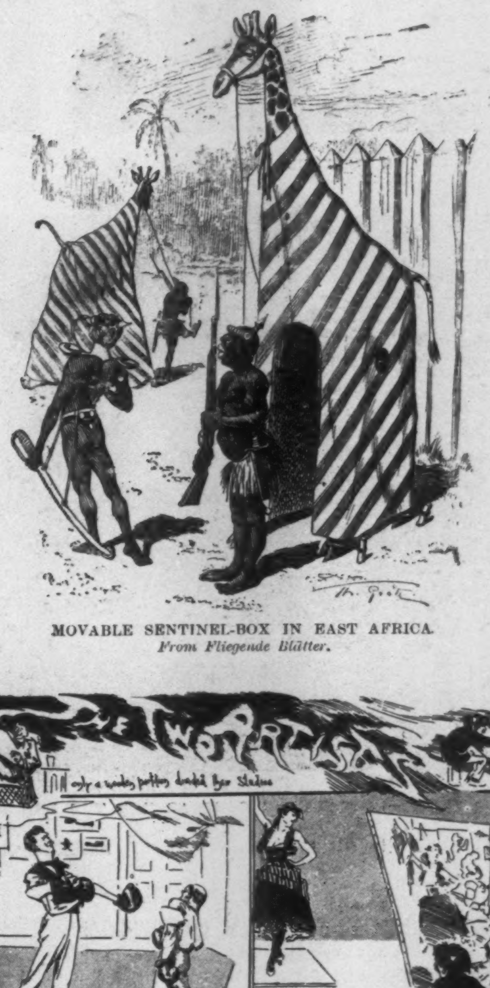
Love to papa and the girls and yourself, Cynthia.



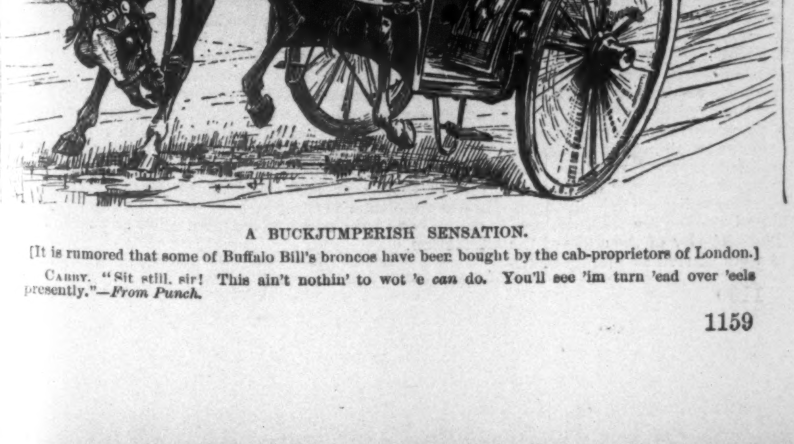
AN EXPENSIVE LESSON IN GYMNASTICS.—*From Fliegende Blätter.*



TALES WITHOUT WORDS.—*From Judy.*



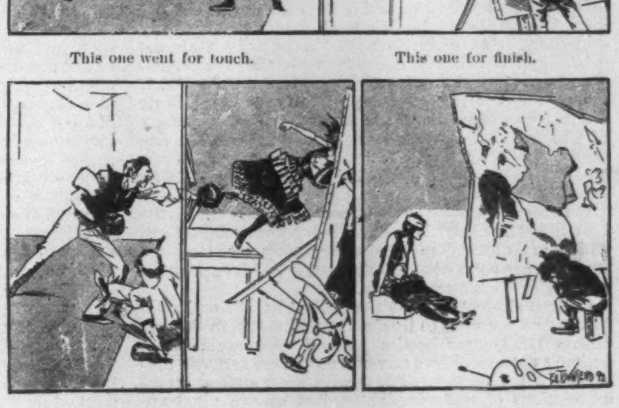
MOVABLE SENTINEL-BOX IN EAST AFRICA.
From Fliegende Blätter.



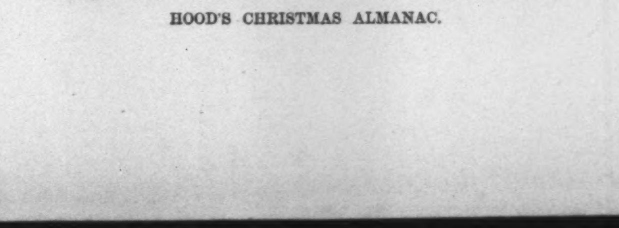
A BUCKJUMPERISH SENSATION.

[It is rumored that some of Buffalo Bill's broncos have been bought by the cab-proprietors of London.]

CABBY. "Sit still, sir! This ain't nothin' to wot 'e *can* do. You'll see 'im turn 'ead over 'eels presently."—*From Punch.*

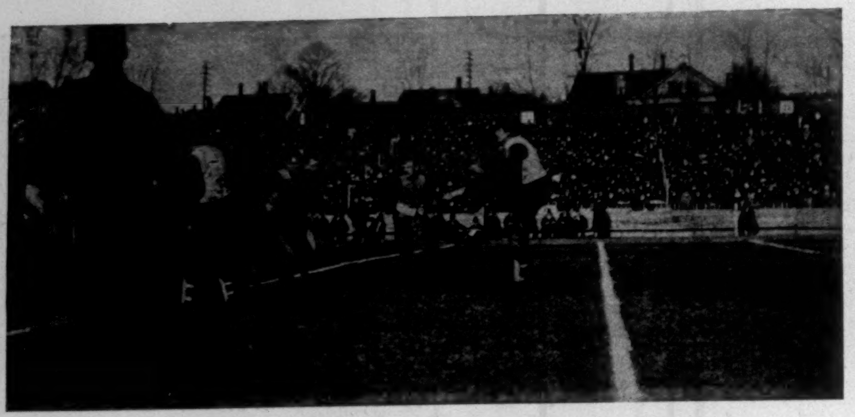

TWO ARTISTS
only a wooden partition divided their studios

This one went for touch. This one for finish.



He made his mark, Upset the poser, But finished the picture.

HOOD'S CHRISTMAS ALMANAC.

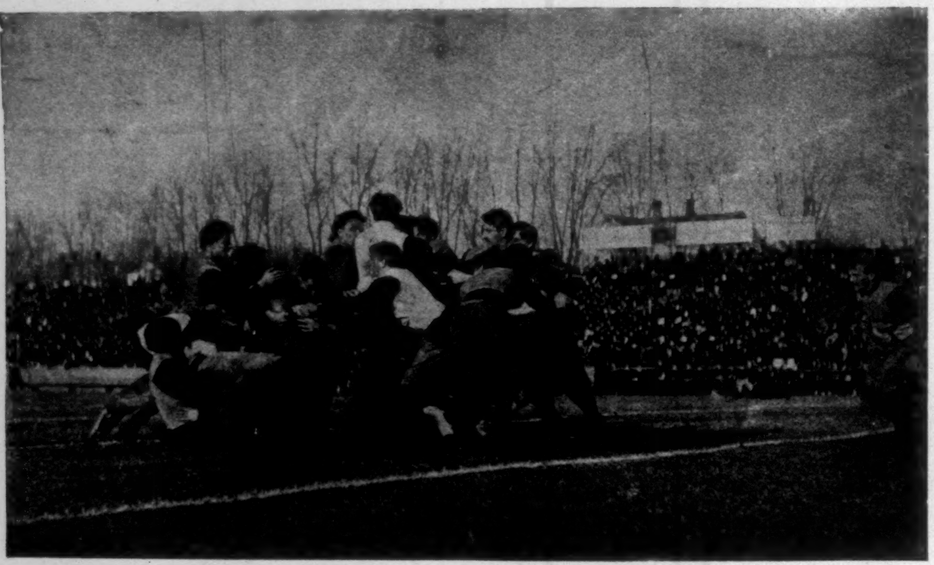


A TRY FOR A GOAL FROM THE FIELD.

"HANDSOME DAN," THE YALE MASCOT.

THE HARVARD MASCOT.

MR. DELAND'S FAMOUS "FLYING" OR "MOMENTUM" WEDGE.



BLISS HAVING GONE AROUND THE END REACHING FOR THE BALL.

AN IMPARTIAL OBSERVER.

SCENES AT THE HARVARD-YALE FOOTBALL MATCH.

THE COLLEGE SOCIETY QUESTION IN CHICAGO.

President Harper, of the University of Chicago, is averse to the establishment of secret societies among the students of that blooming institution. He does not forbid them, but he has told his young friends that he would be deeply gratified if their high purpose and lofty feeling should lead them to exclude voluntarily everything that conflicts with "a broadly fraternal spirit, and a primary concern with the intellectual aims for which the university was founded." But if through a possible deficiency of lofty undergraduate attributes societies should be started in the University of Chicago, Dr. Harper at least insists that each one shall submit its house rules to the approval of the faculty, and shall be subject to certain reasonable restrictions and regulations.

It is reported that the fraternities of Omikron Pi, the Iota Subscript, and Nu Ephelkoustikon, chapters of which are already in existence among Dr. Harper's students, are somewhat flabbergasted at this expression of the President's sentiments.

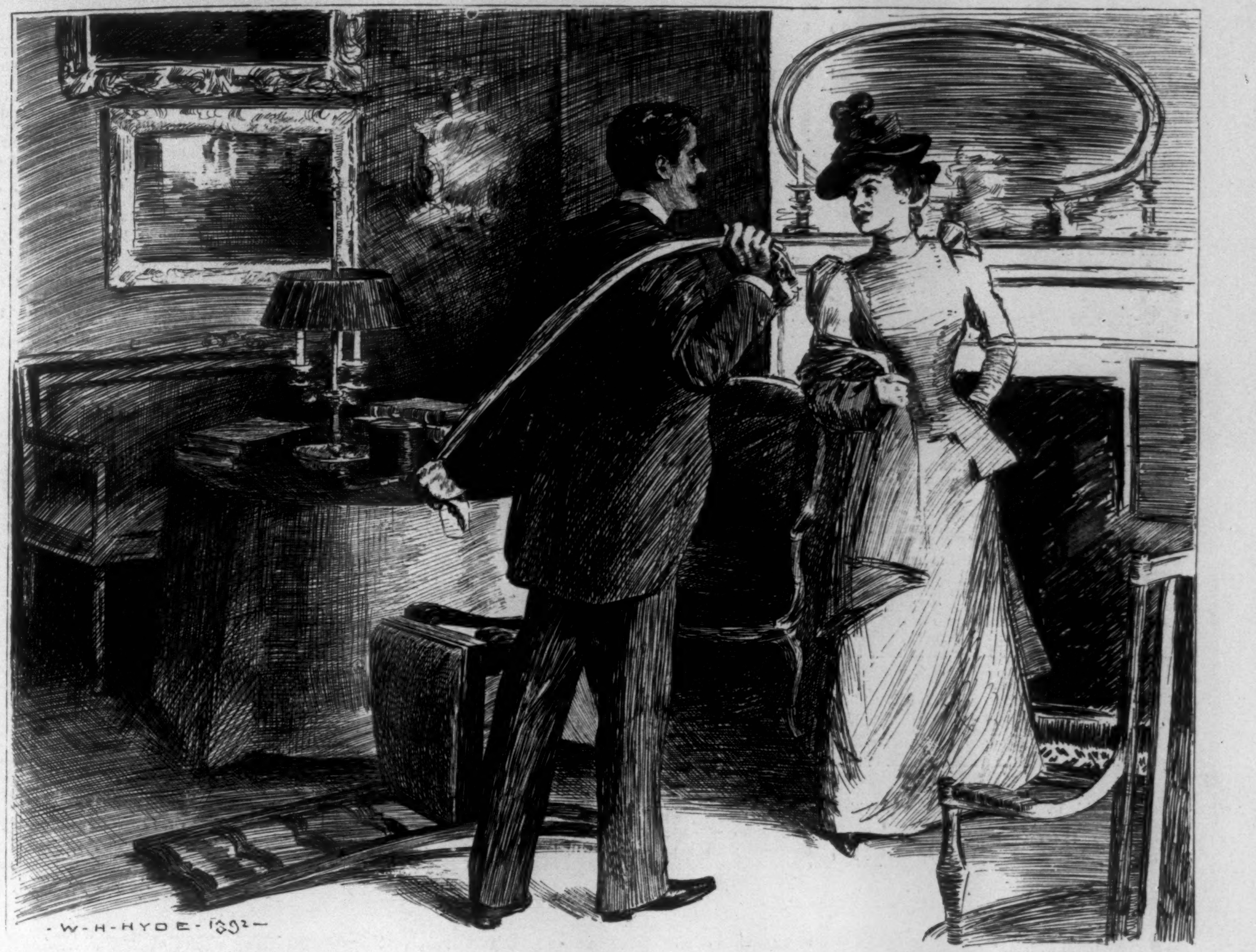
College students run as naturally to clubs and associations as geese do to flocks, or wild cattle to droves. Unless Dr. Harper bestirs himself very much more actively than he shows any purpose of doing, his university will be honeycombed with more or less secret associations of undergraduates, just as are nineteen-twentieths of the colleges in the land. The very regulations that he proposes show that he understands the undergraduate propensity toward social aggregation, and has no very confident hope of heading it off.

It is true that college societies do not, as a rule, promote the broadly fraternal spirit which Dr. Harper desires to foster among his young men. Neither are they of much use in forwarding the intellectual aims for which all universities are founded. Nevertheless, they have their uses. For one thing, they are pleasant, and promote friendship; and for another, they afford the undergraduates a means of disciplining one another, which makes, though in an uncertain and variable degree, for the development of agreeable qualities. If a lad in college has disagreeable manners, or is lacking in amenities, nothing brings him quicker to a realization of such defects than to find himself excluded from societies which he wants to join. This sort of discipline reaches some men who could hardly be touched in any other way, and its effects are sometimes so salutary as to raise the question whether it is the men who get into the societies or those who are kept out who profit most from their existence.

As for Dr. Harper's proposed regulations and restrictions, they are proper enough, though it is possible that he may be disappointed in their results. The surest way to make a college society really secret is to regulate it from outside. The rules of such an organization have only a limited connection with the conduct of its members. The majority of the clubs of the older American colleges were started as literary or debating societies, and gradually developed on their social side, until their debates became a tradition, and their real business grew to be that familiar intercourse of kindred souls which the hymn-book credits with such celestial properties.

Birds of a feather will flock together in Dr. Harper's college as they do outside. Organization of some sort will follow, and if societies are not formally introduced, they will spring up out of the soil. And in the Chicago institution that would probably be the best way to have societies start. In social matters an institution of the size of the University of Chicago is sure, in a short time, to be sufficient unto itself. If fenced off from the incursion of the epidemic Greek-letter enthusiasts from outside, such a university will develop societies peculiar to itself, sharing its characteristics and adapted to its needs. Such societies have grown up in other universities, in spite of the rivalry of Iota Subscript and Nu Ephelkoustikon and the rest. The best-known clubs of Yale and Harvard—Scull and Bones, the Scroll and Key, the Hasty Pudding, the Porcellian—are local organizations of indigenous growth, having no connection with fraternities in other institutions. If Dr. Harper's young friends must have societies, let them raise a new variety for themselves out of their own soil. It is more trouble and takes more time than getting in a lot of fraternities ready-made, but in the end it gives a better fit and more satisfaction.

E. S. Martin.



TWO OF THEM.

BY J. M. BARRIE, AUTHOR OF "WHEN A MAN'S SINGLE," "THE LITTLE MINISTER," ETC.

SHE is a very pretty girl, though that counts for nothing with either of us, and her frock is yellow and brown, with pins here and there. Some of these pins are nearly a foot long, and when they are not in use she keeps them in her hat, through which she stabs them far down into her brain. This makes me shudder; but so is she constructed that it does not seem to hurt, and in that human pin-cushion the daggers remain until it is time for her to put on her jacket again. Her size is six and a quarter, and she can also get into sixes.

She comes here occasionally (always looking as if she had been born afresh that morning) to sit in the big chair and discuss what sort of girl she is, with other matters of moment. When she suddenly flings herself forward—clasping her hands on her knee—and says "Oh!" I know that she has remembered something which must out at once or endanger her health; and whether it be "I don't believe in anybody or anything—there!" or "Why do we die so soon?" or "I buy chocolate drops by the half-pound," I am expected to regard it, for the time being, as one of the biggest things of the day. I allow her, but no other, to mend my fire; and some of her most profound thoughts have come to her with a jerk while holding the poker. However, she is not always serious, for, though her face is often so wistful that to be within a yard of it is too close for safety, she sometimes jests gleefully, clapping her hands; but I never laugh, rather continue smoking hard; and this she (very properly) puts down to my lack of humor. The reason we get on so well is because I treat her exactly as if she were a man, as per agreement. Ours is a platonic friendship, or, at least, was, for she went off half an hour ago with her head in the air.

THE BARGAIN.

After only one glance in the mirror, she had spread herself out in the big chair, which seems to me to put its arms round her. Then this jumped out:

"And I had thought you so trustworthy!" (She always begins in the middle.)

"What have I done?" I asked, though I knew.

"Yesterday," she said; "when you put me into that cab. Oh, you didn't do it, but you tried to."

"Do what?"

She screwed her mouth, whereupon I smoked hard, lest I should attempt to do it again. But she would have an answer.

"Men are all alike," she said, indignantly.

"And you actually think," I broke out, bitterly, "that if I did meditate such an act (for one brief moment) I was yielding to the wretched impulses to which other men give way! Miss Gunnings, do you know me no better than that?"

"I don't see what you mean," she replied. (Her directness is sometimes a little annoying.)

I wagged my head mournfully, and there ensued a pause, for I did not quite know what I meant myself.

"What do you mean?" she asked, more gently, my face showing her that I was deeply hurt—not angry, but hurt.

I laid my pipe on the mantel-piece, and, speaking very sadly, proved to her that I had nothing in common with other young men, though I forget now how I proved it. If I seemed to act as they did, my motives were quite different, and therefore I should be judged from another standpoint. Also I looked upon her as a child, while I felt very old. (There are six years between us.)

"And now," said I, with emotion, "as you still think that I tried to—to do it from the wretched ordinary motive (namely, because I wanted to), I suppose you and I must part. I have explained the affair to you because it is painful to me to be misunderstood. Good-by, I shall always think of you with sincere regard."

Despite an apparent effort to control it, my voice broke. Then she gave way. She put her hand into mine, and, with tears in her eyes, asked me to forgive her, which I did.

This little incident it was that showed her how different I am from other men, and led to the drawing up of our platonic agreement, which we signed, so to speak, that afternoon over the poker. I promised to be to her such a friend as I am to Mr. Thomson; I even undertook, if necessary, to scold her though she cried (as she hinted she should probably do), and she was to see that it was for her good, just as Thomson sees it when I scold him.

A NECESSARY CONSEQUENCE.

"I shall have to call you 'Mary.'"

"I don't see that."

"Yes, it is customary among real friends. They expect it of each other."

I was not looking her in the face, so cannot tell how she took this at first. However, after she had eaten a chocolate drop in silence, she said, "But you don't call Mr. Thomson by his Christian name?"

"Certainly I do."

"And he would feel slighted if you did not?"

"He would be extremely pained."

"What is his Christian name?"

"Thomson's Christian name? Oh, his Christian name! Thomson's Christian name is—ah—Harry."

"But I thought his initials were J. T.? Those are the initials on that umbrella you never returned to him."

"Is that so? Then my suspicions were correct, the umbrella is not his own. How like him!"

"I had an idea that you merely called him Thomson?"

"Before other people only. Men friends address each other in one way in company, but in quite another way when they are alone."

"Oh, well, if it is customary."

"If it were not, I would not propose such a thing."

Another chocolate drop, and then,

"Mary, dear—"

"*Dear!*"

"That is what I said."

"I don't think it worthy of you. It is taking two chocolate drops when I only said you could have one."

"Well, when I get my hand into the bag, I admit—I—I mean, Thomson would not have been so niggardly."

"I am certain you don't call him 'Harry, dear.'"

"Not, perhaps, as a rule, but at times men friends are more demonstrative than you think them. For instance, if Thom—I mean Harry, was ill—"

"But I am quite well."

"Still, with all this influenza about—"

HER BACK.

She had put her jacket on the table, her chocolate drops on the mantel-piece, her gloves on the couch—indeed the room was full of her, and I was holding her scarf, just as I hold Thomson's.

"I walked down Regent Street behind you yesterday," I said, sternly, "and your back told me that you were vain."

"I am not vain of my personal appearance, at any rate."

"How could you be?"

She looked at me sharply, but my face was without expression, and she sighed. She remembered that I had no humor.

"Whatever my faults are, and they are many, vanity is not one of them."

"When I said you had a bad temper you made the same remark about it. Also when—"

"That was last week, stupid! But, of course, if you think me *ugly*—"

"I did not say that."

"Yes, you did."

"But if you think nothing of your personal appearance, why blame me if I agree with you?"

She rose haughtily.

"Sit down."

"I won't. Give me my scarf." Her eyes were flashing. She has all sorts of eyes.

"If you really want to know what I think of your personal appearance—"

"I don't."

I resumed my pipe.

"Well?" she said.

"Well?"

"Oh, I thought you were going to say something."

"Only that your back pleased me in certain other respects."

She let the chair take her back into its embrace.

"Mary, dear!"

It is a fact that she was crying. After I had made a remark or two:

"I am so glad you think me pretty," she said, frankly, "for though I don't think so myself, I like other people to think it; and somehow I thought you considered me *plain*. My nose is all wrong, isn't it?"

"Let me see."

"So you admit you were entirely mistaken in calling me vain?"

"You have proved that I was."

However, after she had drawn the daggers out of her head and put them into the scarf (or whatever part of a lady's dress it is that is worked with daggers), and when the door had closed on her, she opened it and hurriedly fired these shots at me:

"Yes, I am horridly vain. I do my hair every night before I go to bed. I was sure you admired me the very first time we met. I *know* I have a pretty nose. Good-afternoon."

HER SELFISHNESS.

She was making spills for me, because those Thomson made for me had run down.

"Mary."

"Well?"

"Mary dear."

"I am listening."

"That is all."

"You have such a curious, *wasteful* habit of saying one's name as if it was a remark by itself."

"Yes; Thomson has noticed that also. However, I think I meant to add that it is very good of you to make those spills. I wonder if you would do something else for me."

"As a friend?"

"Yes. I want you to fill my pipe, and ram down the tobacco with your little finger."

"You and Mr. Thomson do that for each other?"

"Often."

"Very well. Give it me. This way?"

"It smokes beautifully. You are a dear good girl."

She let the poker fall. "Oh, I am not!" she wailed. "I am not *really* kind-hearted. It is all selfishness."

This came out with a rush; but I am used to her, and kept my pipe in.

"Even my charities are only a hideous kind of selfishness," she continued, with clasped hands. "There is that poor man who sells match-boxes at the corner of this street, for instance. I sometimes give him twopence." (She carries an enormous purse, but there is never more than twopence in it.)

"That is surely not selfish," I said.

"It is," said she, seizing the poker as if intending to do for herself that instant. "I never give him anything simply because I see he needs it, but only occasionally, when I feel happier than usual. I am only thinking of my own happiness when I give it him. That is the personification of selfishness."

"Mary!"

"Well, if that isn't, this is. I only give him something when I am passing him, at any rate. I never dream of crossing the street on purpose to do it. Oh, I should need to be terrifically happy before I would bother crossing to give him anything! There! What do you think of me now?"

"You gave him something on Monday when I was with you?"

"Yes."

"Then you were happy at that time?"

"What has that got to do with it?"

"A great deal."

I rose.

"Mary dear—"

"No! Go and sit over there."

STAGGERERS.

The subjects we have discussed over the poker! For instance:

The rapidity with which we grow old.

What on earth Mr. Meredith means by saying that woman will be the last thing civilized by man.

Thomson.

What will it all matter a hundred years hence?

How strangely unlike other people we two are!

The nicest name for a woman. (Mary.)

The mystery of Being and not Being.

Why does Mary exist?

Does Mary exist?

She had come in, looking very doleful, and the reason was that the more she thought it over, the less could she see why she existed. This came of reading a work entitled *Why Do We Exist?*—a kind of book that ought not to be published, for it only makes people unhappy. Mary stared at the problem with wide, fixed eyes, until I compelled her to wink by putting another in front of it, namely, *Do You Exist?* In her ignorance she thought there was no doubt of this, but I lent her a Bishop Berkeley, and since then she has taken to pinching herself on the sly, just to make sure that she is still there.

HER SCARF.

So far I had not (as will have been noticed) by a word or look or sign broken the agreement which rendered our platonic friendship possible. I had not even called her darling, and this because, having reflected a good deal on the subject, I could not persuade myself that this was one of my ways of addressing Thomson. And I would have continued the same treatment had it not been for her scarf, which has proved beyond all bearing. That scarf is entirely responsible for what happened to-day.

It is a strip of faded terra-cotta, and she ties it round her mouth before going out into the fog.. Her face is then sufficiently irritating, but I could endure it by looking another way did she not recklessly make farewell remarks through the scarf, which is very thin. Then her mouth—in short, I can't put up with this.

I had warned her repeatedly. But she was like a mad girl, or perhaps she did not understand my meaning.

"Don't come near me with that thing round your mouth," I have told her a dozen times. I have refused firmly to tie it for her. I have put the table between me and it, and she asked why? (through the scarf). She was quite mad.

And to-day, when I was feeling rather strange at any rate! It all occurred in a moment.

"Don't attempt to speak with that scarf round you," I had said, and said it with my back to her.

"You think I can't because it is too tight?" she asked.

"Go away," I said.

She turned me round.

"Why," she said, wonderingly, "it is quite loose. I believe I could whistle through it."

She did whistle through it. That finished our platonic friendship.

FIVE MINUTES AFTERWARDS.

I spoke wildly, fiercely, exultingly; and she all the time was trying to put on her jacket, and could not find the sleeve.

"It was your own fault; but I am glad. I warned you. Cry away. I like to see you crying."

"I hate you!"

"No, you don't."

"A friend—"

"Friend! Pooh! Bah! Pshaw!"

"Mr. Thomson—"

"Thomson! Tchut! Thomson! His Christian name isn't Harry. I don't know what it is. I don't care!"

"You said—"

"It was a lie. Don't screw your mouth in that way."

"I will, if I like."

"I warn you!"

"I don't care. Oh! Oh!"

"I warned you."

"Now I know you in your true colors."

"You do, and I glory in it. Platonic friendship—fudge! I quarrelled with you that time to be able to hold your hands when we made it up. When you thought I was reading your character I— Don't—screw—your—mouth!"

"Give me my scarf."

"I lent you Berkeley so that I could take hold of you by the shoulders on the pretence that I was finding out whether you existed."

"Good-by *forever!*"

"All the time we were discussing the mystery of Being, I was thinking how much I should like to put my hands beneath your chin and flick it."

"If you ever dare to speak to me again—"

"Don't—screw—your—mouth! And I would rather put my fingers through your hair than write the greatest poem in—"

She was gone, leaving the scarf behind her.

My heart sank. I flung open my window (six hansoms came immediately), and I could have jumped after her. But I did not. What I saw had a remarkable effect on my spirits. *I saw her cross the street on purpose* to give twopence to the old man who sells the matches.

All's well with the world. As soon as I can lay down the scarf I am going west to the house where Mary dear lives.

A WESTERN BLIZZARD AT HOME.

BY JULIAN RALPH.

On Wednesday, October 12th, all the New-Yorkers who were in Colorado and the neighboring States and Territories saw a blizzard at home—a furious and fearful storm like the one that buried New York city a few years ago. I saw it in Denver, became wedged fast in its mountainous snow-heaps afterward, and finally travelled over a great part of its course and out of it into Utah. There had been no rain in Denver for ten weeks, and as it is the custom there to reckon a rain-storm in the dry season at a value of never less than a million dollars, I will leave it to the reader to compute the commercial rating of the blizzard that broke that dry spell.

The storm was the only one I ever saw that could properly be said to have "burst" when it came. It did burst, and with such an explosion of rain and such a shock of wind that the solid city of stone and brick trembled and shook as if its foundations were being trifled with by an earthquake. This violence lasted eighteen hours, without a moment's respite or any alteration, except that perhaps it grew worse and worse during its continuance.

The city had been hot. Winter seemed an age away. The flowers that rose in a mound on the round-table in the private dining-room of the Denver Club had been plucked out-of-doors. Great splendid Colorado roses bloomed in the gardens; scores of differing flowers had just been exhibited at the fruit show in the Equitable Building; the cottonwood trees in the streets were heavy with green leafage. Only the quaking aspens on the mountain-sides had yielded to autumn's touch; but they always are the first to turn, and to splotch the rocky hills with yellow while all the other trees are green, and plenty of purple flowerets still deck the alfalfa wherever it has not been cut. This summerlike aspect of that beautiful country is dwelt upon because, whereas it was a rain blizzard in Denver, elsewhere the fall was of snow.

In Denver the wind rocked the steel and iron Palace Hotel, and made the Metropole, a brick house, tremble so that a guest who set up a slender strip of steel upon a table saw it quiver like an aspen leaf. A tailor, rejoicing in an uncommonly thick window of plate-glass, opened his shop door, and saw his window fly out in a million pieces on the sidewalk. A terrible havoc was played with the electric wires. They snapped and fell as if they were but carbon loops. An electric-light wire fell upon two horses, and killed them as if it had been a ton of iron. Other wires fell on telephone lines, and shot bolts of artificial lightning into the near-by dwellings, burning out the telephone boxes. I saw an electric-light wire fall on a box at a street corner, and on the instant the box leaped into flame, and a roar like the whistle of a Sound steamboat filled the air. At the railroad ticket offices every inquiry was met with the same answer: "We do not know anything. The wires seem to be down everywhere." Few persons ventured on the streets, and those who did were rushed along like feathers, while some were flung down.

The night trains on Wednesday all received what passengers presented themselves, but not a wheel stirred all night. It would not do to run trains when the wires were down. All Thursday morning the trains stood in the Union Depot, and the passengers fretted and wondered. Upon the sidehills and on the Rocky Mountains, in the passes and gorges, all that storm had been one of snow—snow that was flung along on a cold gale, and that lay two or even three feet deep on the levels, and no two will agree how deep where it drifted. Over the railroads, through this snow, the telegraphic linemen were rushing about to mend the wires, or at least to construct one single line of wire upon which train orders could be sent. They did not know that on the mesa and in the parks that they passed were whole herds of sheep frozen and dead, that the bodies of frozen sheep-herders were to be found crouched behind sparse thickets and frozen as they stooped, that up in the mountains poor prospectors had died in the storm while they were searching for the dead sure vein of mineral and metal that was to make them rich. All that the linemen could see were the ragged ends of the broken wires, and now and then a mile or two of broken and prostrate telegraph poles snapped off like so many pegs in a cribbage-board under a clumsy man's heel.

At last, early in the afternoon of the second day, the trains moved out of the depot. It is not possible to estimate whether there was a mile of trains or only half a mile, but there were the Tuesday morning, Wednesday night, and Thursday morning trains, both express and local, of more than one road. They climbed confidently up to the higher ground that was to lift them over the mountains, and when Littleton was reached, they were like black dominoes on a vast white blanket, for they had entered the region of snow. At Castle Rock there was a long stop. Here there was but one road in my view—the Denver and Rio Grande—but it showed a bunch of six paralyzed trains in a row, trains as fine as those we see in New York, with long Pullmans at the further end, but with monster mountain engines at the head. Out of those trains the passengers of all the cars leaped to get supper at Castle Rock, where there were only one hotel, one saloon, licensed at $1200 a year, and one bakery with thin milk and penny cakes for the crowd. First the hotel was filled till its walls seemed to bulge, then the saloon was crowded, and finally the bakery loaded up. The snow was knee-deep in the roads, and hidden torrents of ice-water rushed along under the crust. The passengers, in summer garments, wallowed about chilled to the marrow. In time the cars filled up again, and the news sped along that a freight train had jumped the track, and all must wait till the wrecking gang righted the mess. Along in the night the trains edged onward a piece at a time, every locomotive bull's-eye shining into the tail window of the Pullman on the next train ahead.

Leadville was up to its knees in snow, but once the summit of the mountain was scaled, and the trains began to plunge down toward the Utah desert and the bunch-grass on the southern routes, the snow rapidly left the surface and betook itself to the mountain peaks and crags. Then came the daily papers, with the accounts of wash-outs and buildings blown down, of frozen herds of sheep and cattle, of the miserable deaths of herders and miners, and all the rest that the people in New York have been reading. It was a genuine blizzard, six weeks ahead of its schedule time, and it was just such another as once rushed upon New York.

THE PARISH SCHOOL.

Two little nuns are teaching school
Near by, on Cozy Street;
I pass each morning, as a rule,
And now and then we meet.

The humble house is small and low;
Its walls are rude and bare;
And yet I loiter by, for, oh,
It seems so peaceful there!

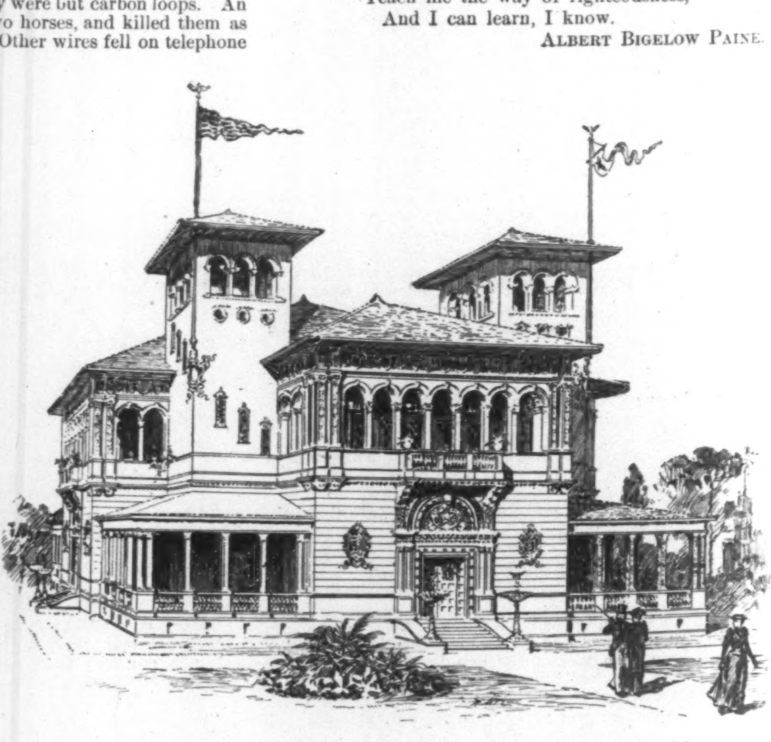
I never liked to go to school;
I always rather play;
I hated any kind of rule,
And sometimes ran away.

But when I pass that little door,
And breathe that holy air,
I want to be a boy once more,
And learn my lessons there.

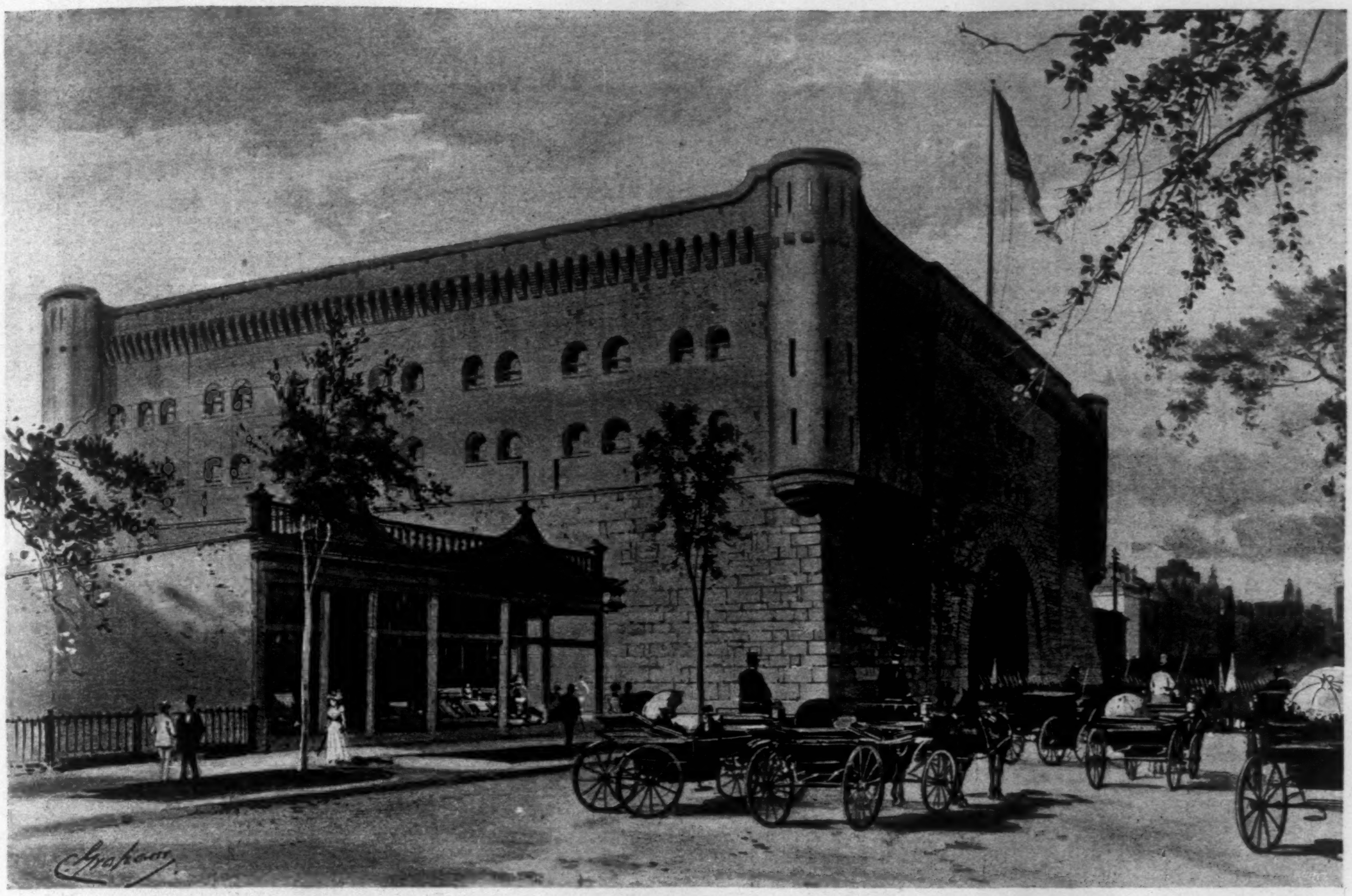
Oh, little nuns, with wimples white,
And hearts of purest gold,
My soul is troubled sore to-night,
My heart is growing cold.

Oh, little nuns of sable dress,
And souls of drifting snow,
Teach me the way of righteousness,
And I can learn, I know.

Albert Bigelow Paine.



THE TEXAS BUILDING AT THE COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION, CHICAGO.
Drawn by H. D. Nichols.



THE ARMORY OF THE FIRST REGIMENT ILLINOIS NATIONAL GUARD, AT CHICAGO.—DRAWN BY CHARLES GRAHAM.

THE FIRST REGIMENT ARMORY IN CHICAGO.

BY JULIAN RALPH.

CHICAGO is justly proud of its First Regiment Armory Building, which is perhaps the most massive piece of masonry in the city, and which impresses the beholder as if it were an impregnable fortress. Blended with its stern suggestions of strength and solidity are such graceful architectural lines as to give it a place among the most beautiful structures of the city. Its designers are Messrs. Burnham & Root, Mr. Burnham being the present Chief of Construction of the Columbian Exposition, and his partner having been that acknowledged genius whose lamented death recently deprived Chicago and the United States of an artist whom the Western people delighted to compare with the late Mr. Richardson of Boston. It is believed in Chicago that there is not in the whole country an armory more massive, more beautiful, or more ingeniously ordered for providing complete and ample accommodations while enconomizing the space at command.

The military force of Chicago at present includes two regiments of infantry, a battery of artillery, and a troop of cavalry. The First Regiment, commanded by Colonel Koch, includes ten companies, aggregating nine hundred muskets and a full complement of officers. It is the crack regiment of Chicago, and is very thorough in all the details of its appointments, equipments, and uniforms. In equipment it is especially rich, the full-dress uniform being an exact duplicate of the Seventh Regiment of New York; in fact, the only difference in the appearance of the two bodies is made by the change in the figure 7 to the figure 1 on the men's caps. The membership is composed very largely of the fine young men of the city, who, as a rule, are younger than the Seventh Regiment men, averaging about twenty-five years of age. But, like the New-Yorkers, they pride themselves upon belonging to an organization of gentlemen. The band of the First Regiment is one of the finest in the United States. The regiment also supports a drum corps and a bugle corps.

The new armory, which is at Michigan Avenue and Sixteenth Street, has for its first story a massive 35-foot wall of large blocks of rock-faced brownstone. This wall is only broken by the front entrance, which takes the form of a great sally-port, forty feet wide and cut through ten feet of masonry. The gigantic door of this sally-port is protected by a portcullis chain and doors of steel, which can be raised out of sight. Out of this noble doorway the regiment can march in company form. The two upper stories, on top of the massive masonry of the first floor, are crowned at the angles by great bastions, from which an enfilade fire may be directed against any side of the walls. In the walls are many small windows protected by basket grating, and the top of the building is supported by a mediæval parapet projecting over the top of the wall and penetrated with rifle slits.

But to the pacific visitor the pride of the building seems to be its great drill-room floor of polished black oak, which takes up the entire space between the walls, and has a surface of 150 feet by 168 feet. A huge baronial fireplace is at the end of the room, and there is a band balcony projecting from one of the walls. In order to leave the floor of the drill room free and clear, the company quarters and officers' rooms have been suspended around the sides of the building by great trusses reaching to the roof. These hanging upper stories contain bath-rooms, a banqueting-hall, kitchen, serving-rooms, lockers, and everything to complete full accommodations for the men. The gymnasium is so arranged and so placed that it will serve as a hospital in case one is needed, and near by it are the apartments of the drum and bugle corps, as well as a shower-bath, which can be employed by a score of men at once. In the basement are rifle ranges with six targets in each of the two ranges. These targets are so constructed that the bullets expend their force against iron-work, and drop into a receptacle whence they can be taken to be remoulded. In addition to the store-rooms, heating apparatus, closets, and the vaults for arms and ammunition, are four bowling-alleys, built along the middle of the basement. An elevator carries men and other burdens to the top of the building. There is an entrance by way of the basement, and it is fortified by extraordinary defenses against assault. The great sally-port on the ground-floor is the only other doorway.

AFTER THE HORSE SHOW.

THE WEIRD EXPERIENCE OF A JUDGE.

I WAS one of the judges at the Horse Show last week, and I have made up my mind never to repeat the experience. I thought I knew a great deal about horses, but I have reached the sage conclusion that I know very little about them. Last Sunday morning's experience convinced me of that. I had worked very hard rounding up my week's work at the exhibition. I had rendered my decisions according to my conscience, and was tired out. At one o'clock Sunday morning I crept into my downy couch and fell into a dreamless sleep, which continued until the bells in a neighboring church steeple began to warn people that it was time to get ready for church. Ordinarily that sort of thing does not awaken me. This time it seemed to have the other effect, for at precisely 10.30 A.M. I found myself sitting up in bed gazing at the drawn curtains of my windows, and somehow or other conscious of some impending trouble.

Mechanically I reached out and touched the electric button to summon my valet. Hardly had I touched it when there came a fearful clattering of feet in the hallway, my door was kicked open, and in place of my man, who should enter but a singularly scrawny steed that had for a whole week excited my judicial derision.

"Shades of Dexter!" I cried, "what is the meaning of this?" The answer was a hoarse laugh, and in putting it thus I intend no bad joke. It was literally a hoarse laugh and nothing else.

"It means that I am going to get even with your honor for your attitude toward me at the show," said the steed.

"Where is Parker?"

Parker is my valet.

"I took him out for a ride in Central Park," replied the horse, "and when we got out by the reservoir I chucked him over the rail into the water. You may get him in your coffee at breakfast. Do you use Croton or Apollinaris in your coffee?"

I confessed that that was a culinary detail with which I was not sufficiently acquainted to answer his question positively.

"Well, it doesn't make any difference," returned the horse, whisking a Sevres vase off my mantel-piece with his tail. "I haven't come here to interview you on the subject of 'How Our Judges Live?' I don't care if you boil your coffee in champagne and settle it with sardines. Points like that don't interest me. What I have come to show you is that you and all the other judges were not worth your salt as judges. How many prizes did I get? Not one. How many Honorables? Not one. How many V.H.C.'s? Not a blessed V.H.C. Why? Because you men didn't know your business.

"You said I hadn't any action. Humph! What do you say to this?"

Here he raised himself on his hind legs and walked gracefully about my room.

"Very fine," said I.

"I should say so," he responded. "There isn't a darky in the whole solid South that could put more style into his carriage than that, not with a million-pound plum cake as his reward. You said I wasn't gentle. Again let me say Humph! How's this for gentleness?"

As he spoke he kicked my clock off the mantel-piece, landing it on my pillow, and so gently withal that it neither gained nor lost a second.

"Unprecedented," said I.

"Precisely," he retorted; "in which respect it equals your ignorance of horseflesh. But, to resume, you observed that I lacked intelligence. Do you happen to have a Greek Testament about you? If you have, I'll read the whole thing to you in five different languages. Why, man, I knew 'Get ap' and 'Whoa' in Aryan before you knew them in English. Lack intelligence! Gee! Why, I speak Greek as well as one of those horses on the Parthenon frieze."

"You are a daisy," I said.

"No; I'm a horse," he answered, "though if I wanted to be a daisy I could be. Now, sir, you also said that as a hunter I was the most absurd beast you ever saw. When I think of that I am almost inclined to sue you for libel. Can't hunt, can't I? Well, let's see. Have you lost anything lately?"

"Yes," I answered, after a moment or two of reflection. "I lost a collar button Sunday before last."

"And you've searched for it high and low?"

"I have."

"Well, let me try."

Here he began trotting about the room, sniffing like a war-horse that scents victory afar. After two or three moments of this, he stopped suddenly before my bureau, kicked it out into the hall, and lo! there on the floor was my collar button.

"It seems to me," he said, triumphantly, "that in hunting I can give even you points."

I acknowledged the impeachment.

"Another thing you did was to look at my teeth and say I was twenty years old. You were fooled that time. I'm sixty. These teeth are false."

He took them out and proved his assertion.

"*Falsus in uno, falsus in omnibus*," said I.

"I'm not that kind of a horse," he retorted.

"What kind?" I asked, innocently.

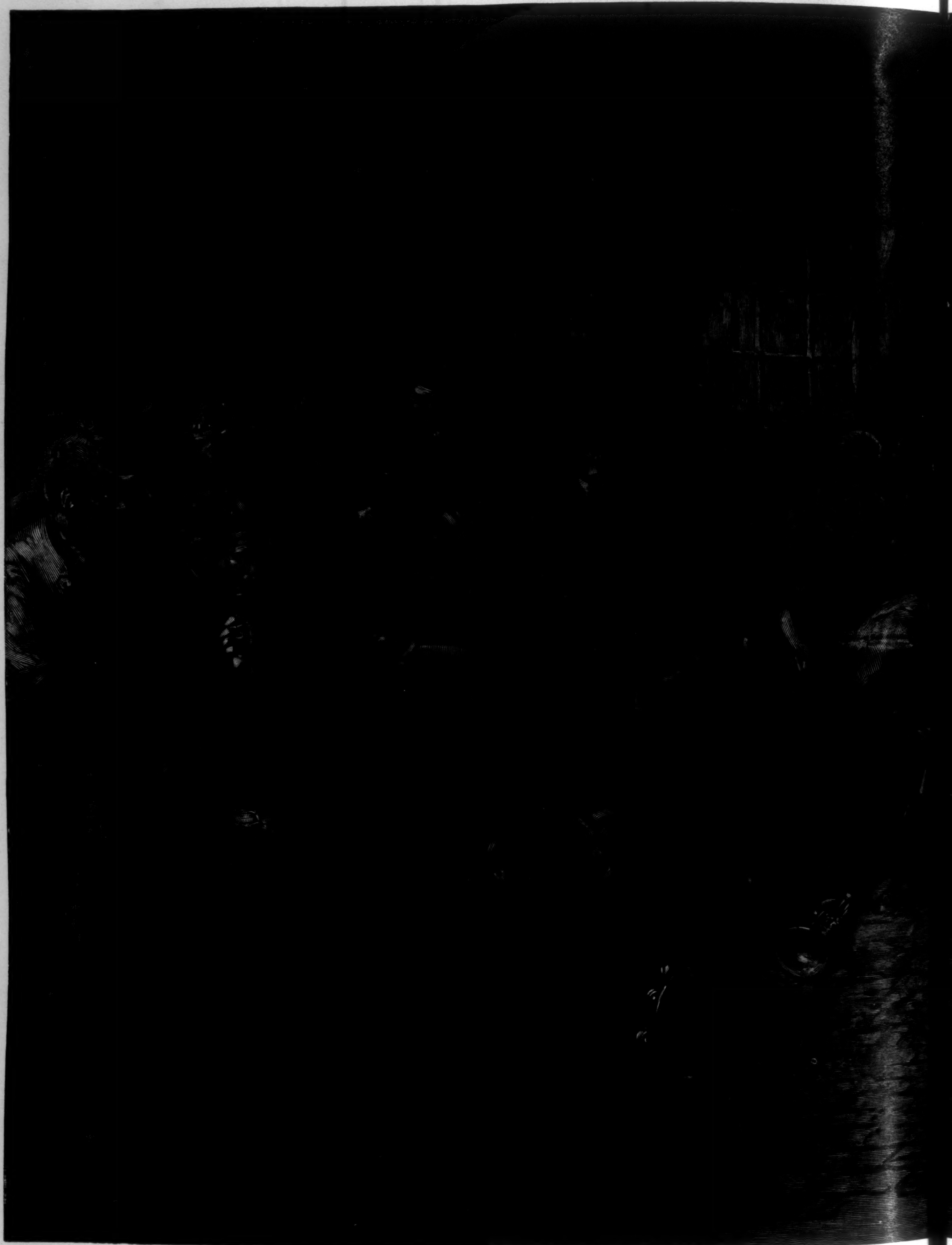
"Omnibus," said he, with a laugh. There was silence for a moment, and then he resumed. "Finally," he said, growing fierce and swishing his tail madly—"finally, what did you say? You said I couldn't jump—not even a board bill. Now I'm going to show you how near you were right when you said that. Lie still, or you'll get hurt."

With this be began leaping to and fro over my bed and me, and as his great lumbering legs passed over me, not once but dozens and dozens of times, I became faint with fear and swooned away. When I came to it was Monday morning, and the beast was gone, but I am going to look in the catalogue and get his number.

I am resolved to do one of two things. I shall either send him a barrel full of gold medals, or buy him from his owner and have him made over into glue.

At any rate, I shall never pretend to be a judge of horseflesh again.

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.



OUT-OF-DOOR WORK OF THE SALVATIO RM

MY.—Drawn by W. A. Rogers.—[See Page 1166.]

THAT BRUTAL SPORT.

Scene.—*A smoking-room after the Thanksgiving game and dinner. A gathering of* Hale, Yarveton, *and* Princevard *men.*

Charley. After all, though the victory was fortunately ours, you several times almost wrested it from our grasp.

Ralph. It's very kind in you to say so. But really I'm glad you won so handily. The excellence of your team-play showed a preparation so careful, and a faithfulness so unusual, that I rejoice that it did not fail of its reward.

Charley. Now, Ralph, that is flattery, I'm sure. If your captain had not dropped his eye-glasses in the beginning of the second half, I warrant you it would have gone hard with us. I know that for one my heart was in my mouth.

Philip. Skill will tell in athletics as in the learned professions. Our young men thought they had indeed an excellent team. Our instructor in gymnastics, Professor John R. Blodgett, assured us that our chances of success were indeed excellent. But I knew so well the prowess of your representatives that I luckily made but a small wager against them.

Ralph. There was a certain dash—an *élan*, a *verve*, if without pedantry I may so express myself—about the Yarveton men that I have seldom met with. It reminds me of the good old days when that very skilful player Alexander Peachus McWinter was still one of the more prominent of our team.

Philip. And yet the play of our contemporaries seems to me to compare favorably even with that of those days.

Charley. You pleasantly surprise me, Philip, by that frank admission.

Philip. Possibly. Yet I have never seen a neater piece of strategy than that of the Hale team this very afternoon.

Ralph. To what especial incident of the game do you refer?

Philip. If I am not wrong, Princevard were in possession of the ball. It was put in play, and very cleverly seized by the half back, who attempted to take advantage of a not altogether voluntary hiatus in the opposing line, but was intercepted by the tackle. A side pass, if I do not mistake, conveyed the ball to a more efficient hand, and the line being broken by a most admirable dash, the space was cleared for a run.

Ralph. Pardon me, but I think you have mistaken the circumstance.

Charley. How so? His account seemed accurate to me.

Philip. I did not intentionally misrepresent the play.

Ralph. When you spoke of a "more efficient hand," you no doubt referred to the young man known as "the Slugger."

Philip. Of course I meant the Slugger.

Ralph. Well, it was not the Slugger who took the ball.

Philip. It wasn't?

Ralph. That is what I said.

Philip. Then who was it?

Ralph. Stumpy Mason—that's who it was!

Philip. And where was I?

Ralph. Behind the door, I guess.

Philip. Well, I guess not.

Ralph. Well, I guess yes.

Charley. Gentlemen, gentlemen.

Philip. What does this jay know about it, anyhow?

Ralph. More than any wooden-head from New Jersey.

Philip. You know about enough to blow up a football, if another jay can tie the strings for you.

Ralph. Oh, take home your team of stuffed bruisers and put them on the ice!

Philip. This is your year for blowing. You've been corked up for the last half-century.

Ralph. Oh, somebody take him away! He's lost his mind.

Philip. A bit of ice must have fallen into your Apollinaris, and it's gone to your head.

Ralph. It was seeing the game those stuffs of yours put up. Why didn't you put in all your substitutes? They couldn't have done worse.

Philip. Aw, come off!

Charley. Hear the soreheads growl!

Ralph. *You've* got the big head just because of that fluke this afternoon.

Charley. Rats!

Philip. Are you addressing me, sir?

[*At this point the reporter came away.*]

THE SALVATION ARMY CONGRESS.

The Salvation Army, the wonderful organization founded in London some twenty years ago by General William Booth, has been at work in America for thirteen years. It has grown rapidly in this country, and has probably not been subjected to as many hardships and indignities as in some other parts of the world. But these have by no means been lacking, and there are few cities in the United States in which the zealous men and women of the army have not been taken before the police courts on charges of disorderly conduct and disturbing the peace. It was to such arrests as these, and to the attacks in the streets by vicious persons, that Commander Ballington Booth, the son of the founder, alluded when he spoke of the period of persecution through which the army had passed. Long ago, in England, the liberal Christians of whatever denomination recognized that the Salvation Army was doing work that was, to a great extent, closed to the regular churches. This recognition came from high prelates in the English and Roman churches, and from pretty nearly all the dissenting bodies. The late Cardinal Manning sent greetings of sympathy and substantial assistance to General Booth, and the Archbishop of Canterbury took similar action. The work done, and the methods of doing work, by the Salvation Army in England were described a little while ago by Archdeacon Farrar in a most sympathetic article in Harper's Magazine. This evidence from across the sea inclined serious and thoughtful persons in this country to hold their prejudices against what seemed to be a work of loud and ignorant fanaticism in abeyance until the Salvation Army could be judged rather by the result than the manner of its work. The manner, to refined persons accustomed to the conventional methods of worship, is unquestionably very repugnant. It seems fantastic even beyond the verge of sanity, and therefore lacking in dignity and reverence. But the leaders of the Salvation Army have a very fair retort to such charges. They say the army work is not intended for the refined and cultivated who now belong to regularly organized churches, but that it is intended as a supplement to the regular churches, and that the effort is made to reach those people not at present reached by the churches; and to do this, any way not in itself wrong is used and is entirely justifiable.

For thirteen years the Salvation Army has been at work in the United States, and last week at Carnegie Music Hall in New York a Continental Congress was held, and all the subdivisions in America were represented by delegates. It was not a congress in the sense that it was a deliberative body to frame laws and pronounce judgments, but it was rather an enthusiastic reunion where reports were made of the progress made. This progress was most satisfactory, and the delegates returned to their several fields of labor very much encouraged. The head of the army in America is Ballington Booth, a tall, nervous, and enthusiastic man, who, in public at least, seems entirely devoid of repose. He acts as though a mild and jerky current of electricity were passing through him all the time. This his enthusiastic followers take to be the workings of the Divine Spirit in him. But the truth probably is that he is naturally a very nervous and enthusiastic man, and that he has long been worked so hard that he has never had time to acquire the habit of sitting still and being composed. In his report he said that he welcomed the delegates to New York in behalf of 14,000 workers. "Let statistics speak for the work we are doing," said he. "During the last twelve months in the United States we have gathered 13,199,888 persons into our halls, and have made 32,433 conversions; we have occupied 462 cities and towns and established 555 outposts; we have gained 1500 officers, each holding from fifteen to twenty-one meetings a week; we have gained 13,100 recruits and 2307 local officers and bandsmen. Under our slum officers in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, and Chicago, 35,534 families have been visited, 196 souls saved, 5967 meals given away, 6384 children cared for, and many other good works done. The Shelter Brigade has found employment for 654 persons, provided beds for 14,996, meals for 23,000, and effected 271 conversions. Our Auxiliary Brigade now numbers 531 persons, including thirty-three clergymen."

The wife of the commander, Mrs. Ballington Booth, a young English woman of much charm of manner and appearance, though she had become a mother only three weeks before the meeting, also spoke. She was weak and pallid from illness, but her enthusiasm made her strong and fervid. At the meeting the next evening the baby's life was consecrated to the service of the army. This is mentioned not because of its importance, but because it illustrates the earnestness of some of the members of the army drawn from the ranks of conventional society. While such as these are in the minority they are still numerous, and they are no whit less zealous and enthusiastic than those whose lives were never influenced by a regard for what is considered proper form. All such things are wiped away by the enthusiasm that dominates everything in the work of the army. It is a constant hurrah, and, to use a slang but expressive phrase, they "whoop it up" from early morning to far in the night.

In the picture that Mr. Rogers has made for this paper he has chosen a scene the like of which can often be seen on the east side of New York. The rich and the well-to-do people of the metropolis know very little, if anything, of life in the tenement-house section of New York. Those who know it best are the city missionaries, the priests of the Catholic Church, the gentlemen of the University Settlement Society, the Salvation Army workers, and the officers of police. These know it, and know that it is a rich field in which those who wish to do good can find plenty of work. Poverty, ignorance, vice—this is the trinity that exists in the slums. Conventional methods are of little avail among such people, either in helping them in their misery or winning them from their wickedness. In this district Mr. Rogers has made a picture of an open-air meeting, and it is as faithful as possible. The fervor of the praying maiden kneeling in the street, the reverent looks and attitudes of her followers, the respectful listeners—all these can be seen almost any night in such parts of the city, which, if it were not for the pious zeal of the persons mentioned, would seem to be forsaken of righteousness. And it is in just such fields as this that the Salvation Army has been useful. The leaders recognize this, and more time than ever before will be concentrated on practical work in the slums. The religious services in the slums are conducted with much beating of drums and the usual hurrah, but in the work itself the Salvation Army lassies find that they must be different, and even take off their much cherished uniforms. They find that they must live among the people as though they belonged to them. Then, by hard work in relieving distress, assisting poverty, nursing the sick, and in a generally humble and unostentatious beneficence, they are able to accomplish very much good. If women who do such work as this find any satisfaction in an ugly poke bonnet and a red sash—if they like to beat tambourines when they sing, and prefer in their hours of worship boisterousness to calm repose, who shall say them nay? 'Tis by their works that they should be judged.

Jno. Gilmer Speed.

ON GETTING AHEAD OF THE PROCESSION.

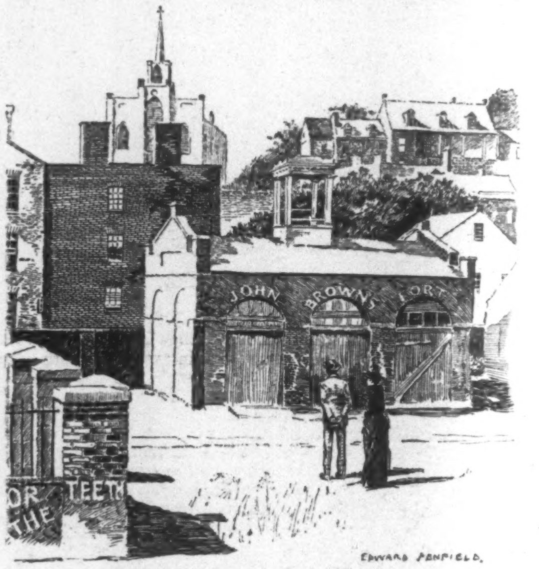
To keep up with the procession is an obligation that is very properly inculcated upon every one who is still so far alive as to promise to be benefited by wise counsel. Not to keep up with it is to get out of step with contemporary civilization, and thereby cease to get one's share of the benefits of the current progress of human events. There is even an obligation to try to lead the procession, but that is individual, not general, and is born of a consciousness of ability to march at the head, which few people feel, and fewer still are able to justify as a well-founded sensation. But to keep up is the proper and worthy aim of every one who does not mean to stagnate or fall behind the times.

It is a duty so generally recognized, and so much on the mind of the majority, that a good many people, in their anxiety to keep up, are not satisfied with that, but keep harassing themselves and their fellows with untimely efforts to get a start of the procession, and keep ahead of it altogether. Such persons suppose that their struggles show commendable enterprise, but, as a matter of fact, there is not so much enterprise about them as mere restlessness. They are like overcautious football-players who keep out of all the scrimmages in their anxiety to be in a good position to grab the ball when it comes their way. Usually it doesn't come their way, and their supersensitive activity counts for nothing.

Getting ahead of the procession and leading it are two different things. The leaders are part of the procession; but the fellows who have scuttled off ahead, in hopes the procession may come their way and seem to be following them, are not of it at all. One of the disadvantages of their way of doing is the liability of the procession to take a sharp turn behind them, and leave them to hurry around and try to catch up with the rear end before it gets out of sight.

This foolish impatience of the common lot shows itself in a small way in a selfish intolerance of the trifling inconveniences of every-day life. The inconsiderates who get up and go out of the theatre when the last act is two-thirds over belong to that feeble class who feel that they must keep ahead of the crowd at the cost of any inconvenience to their fellows. To the same class belong all those insufferables who crowd on to the platforms of the cars when the train stops, without waiting for the people to get off. They are not satisfied with being in time and getting a good place in the front of the crowd; they feel that they won't get quite as much as they should unless they can rush in ahead and get the best seats before the women and children in the procession get a chance at them. So when a line is formed before the ticket-office at the theatre, or at the post-office on Sunday, there are always some half-baked creatures who feel it a great gain if, instead of waiting their turn, they can get some acquaintance near the head of the line to buy their ticket or get their mail for them. Their undue haste is not only objectionable for its own sake, but it corrupts public manners; for nine men out of ten, when they see some one trying to take unmannerly advantages, lose their patience, and crowd in simply to keep the interloper in his proper place. Newspapers that print the news before it happens belong to the same class, and very mortifying predicaments their previousness gets them into.

The anxiety of individuals for all manner of petty special privileges, which helps to make life burdensome to so many officials, is another form of this feverish desire to get ahead. Nowhere is it more conspicuous than in travel, in the extreme solicitude of some persons to escape the casual delays and inconveniences to which travellers are ordinarily subject. Not all the sights of Europe can make some people so happy as to leave the steamer that brings them home at Quarantine, come up New York Harbor by special conveyance, and have the Custom-house pass their trunks before those of any of their fellow-travellers. Yet usually such people have no special reason for haste, and what they gain in time by getting ahead is more than offset by the value of the energy expended in the effort. When there is a sound reason for hustling, the ability to hustle successfully is most valuable; but, commonly speaking, events amply justify the old saw about patient waiters being no losers. The fitful energy of a chicken that has lost its head leads to no important results. The surest and cheapest and easiest way to arrive is to take things as they come, and bide one's time.



JOHN BROWN'S FORT.

BY E. M. H.

American "enterprise" has recently despoiled one of America's historic spots. In spite of rumors of a successful resistance on the part of the citizens, John Brown's Fort has been removed from Harper's Ferry to Chicago, to add to the attractions of the Columbian Exposition.

Our civil war was fortunate in its setting. It raged over a picturesque and romantic country, and its conspicuous events found each a fitting stage. The beautiful field of Gettysburg, a fertile plain set in the midst of an amphitheatre of hills, is "a place marked out by nature for the site of a great battle"; and the hamlet of Harper's Ferry, clinging to a shelf of rock, with splendid hills encompassing it, and the rushing water on either side, is as appropriately the scene of the daring raid with which it is associated.

Of the United States Arsenal which John Brown seized, nothing still remained but portions of the enclosing wall and gateway, and the engine-house in which Brown made his final stand. This engine-house—the "Fort"—is partitioned off into three rooms, and into the one farthest from the gateway Brown retreated. It is a room about thirty feet by twelve, and in the wall are the eloquent reminders of the scene that it once enclosed, in the patches of lighter-colored brick that block the loop-holes made by Brown and his men for their muskets. Here that superb piece of foolhardiness played itself out, and, according to an eye-witness, out through the broken door, after the marines' final assault, walked Colonel Lewis Washington, who had been one of Brown's prisoners, calmly fitting on a pair of green kid gloves, and exclaiming, with patrician disgust, that he hadn't had a bath for sixty hours. Colonel Washington was a witness for the State at Brown's trial, and a story told by one present is that in the course of the testimony he said, "Your Honor, I am not a fighting man, nor am I familiar with wars or the rumors of wars, but I think I know a brave man when I see one, and there never was a braver one than the prisoner at the bar."

Thereupon Brown raised himself—for it will be remembered that he was so badly wounded that he had to be carried into court on a cot—and said: "Your Honor, I have been a fighting man all my life, and I am familiar with wars and the rumors of wars. I know a brave man when I see him, and I have never seen one cooler in the face of danger than Colonel Washington."

The insignificant little brown building at Harper's Ferry found there an appropriate setting. With its back against the hill, and the river at its feet, it faced nature in her heroic mood with the memory of a daring and heroic soul.

Music and Drama

THE lion in the path of music as an art, the rock on which it may split, is the cant phrase and critical catchword "reminiscent." Everything written to-day in the way of music is either reminiscent or plagiarized to a certain class of critics, who, being incapable of producing anything themselves, most naturally and bitterly resent that capacity in others. Charges of reminiscence, more or less unconscious, and deliberate plagiarism, the unacknowledged appropriation of the fruit of other men's brains or the results of other men's labors, are the readiest stones for envy, malice, and all uncharitableness to cast at actual achievement. The question of intent, an all-important one, and that of chance coincidence, of which numberless examples are to be found in the works of the very greatest composers, are never even considered in such cases by such critics, and resemblance of manner, which is not only inevitable and allowable, but also in many instances even admirable, is hopelessly and ignorantly confounded with resemblance of matter, which is quite another thing. It was his conviction that the possible combinations of the thirteen musical sounds with which educated musicians have to deal would inevitably become, if they were not already, exhausted, which led Sir Frederick Gore Ouseley, the eminent English musician and musical littérateur, to declare that music was a dead art, and in consequence to decline to make any use of his undoubted talent as a composer.

Had Mascagni chosen to take this narrow-minded view of the situation, one of the most important and admirable operatic works of recent years would never have been written. Is *Cavalleria Rusticana* any the less valuable or considerable as a work of art because it contains constant and indisputable suggestions in manner of Ponchielli (his master), Verdi, Bizet, and other composers, or is it for this reason any the less enjoyable, even to the educated musician? As a matter of course, Mascagni, having made a notable success, was called eclectic, reminiscent, and unoriginal, and was accused of plagiarism, adaptation, and other crimes simply because he followed good models, and successfully assimilated the style of good masters. But egged on by these and similar critical sneers, he wrote *L'Amico Fritz*, in which he compassed, indeed, a certain amount of originality, but at the expense of the form, melody, spontaneity, charm, and dramatic power so remarkable in his previous work. It is the itching desire for an impossible absolute originality which is responsible for the unwholesome lurid lucubrations of men like Koch, Richard Strauss, Nicodé, and Chabrier, who, for fear of saying something in their own way because some one else may have said something like it before, end by saying nothing, and try to disguise a wilful lack of ideas by pompously empty orchestral effects and ponderous noise. Music as an art will have to be accounted dead indeed if its only future lies in this direction.

With only thirteen absolute sounds, which, while susceptible of variation and modification to a certain extent through *pitch*, combination, and mutual relation, are of necessity constant and fixed, with which to work, the musician is bound down within narrower limits than the workers in any other art. A musician is accused of plagiarism, reminiscence, and what not, for sending people to church to the accompaniment of bells because other composers have done the same. The use of the castanets, which are again "reminiscent" of Spain, or of the tambourine, which suggests Italy, or of muted violins in the higher octaves, which recall the prelude to *Lohengrin*, is denied him for the same reason. As well might an architect be accused of plagiarism for using Doric or Ionic capitals, or reproducing the artistic effect of Giotto's tower, or a painter of reminiscence in painting a Madonna or a Holy Family because Raphael, Correggio, Murillo, and others have done the same thing before him. According to the canons of a certain school of modern musical criticism, Beethoven's first two symphonies should be disregarded entirely, as being suggestive, as they are, of Haydn on every page; Gade, again, should not be considered as a composer at all, because of his distinctively Mendelssohnian manner; Schumann and Dvorak, Grieg and Bizet, should be deemed worthy of the severest censure, because they have used popular airs, known and unknown, whenever and wherever they thought it proper or found it advantageous to do so; while the numberless fortuitous coincidences of theme and treatment which abound in the compositions of the greatest and best composers should be held to convict their unwitting authors of deliberate plagiarism without appeal or benefit of clergy, and cause them to be placed forever outside the pale. Against such criticism such a *reductio ad absurdum* is the only line of argument possible, as the critical attitude which prompts it is not only carping and insincere, but is also in and of itself manifestly strained and absurd, as well as inimical and prejudicial to the best interests of music as a living, growing art. We must learn of the past that has been how best to prepare the future that is to be.

As string quartet and chamber music in general seems likely to be our principal musical pabulum this season, we would recommend to the consideration of those having the matter in charge Brahm's new trio for piano-forte, violin, and clarinet, and his new quintet for clarinet and strings, both of which works were produced with great success in Berlin last winter, and have not as yet been heard in this country. The defect in and objection to chamber music in large quantities is the inevitable sameness, almost amounting to monotony, arising from its necessary lack of striking contrast. Music of this kind for other instruments than the piano-forte and strings seems, of late years, to have gone completely out of fashion, although a sufficient quantity and variety of it have been written by the best composers, notably Handel and Mozart. It would seem that the lack of variety in tone color, which many people feel in the ordinary quartet concerts, might readily be obviated by including in each programme a number for a wind instrument and strings of the style of the Brahm's compositions above referred to, or one even for wind instruments alone, of which kind numberless interesting examples exist. The idea, as being at the present time a more or less novel one, is, at any rate, worth a trial.

The alleged curative effects of music have long provided a topic for discussion, without, however, any very definite conclusion having ever been reached. Members of the St. Cecilia Society of London have recently offered their services to the London hospitals, with a view to trying the effect of music and singing on certain classes of patients, having been incited thereto by the counsel and advice of a certain eminent philosopher. In a curious old book, entitled *Medicina Musica, or a Mechanical Essay on the Effects of Singing, Music, and Dancing on Human Bodies*, issued in 1729, the writer, a certain Richard Browne, an apothecary of Oldham, after noting the good effect of singing on the singer (now generally admitted), and recommending, in order to enjoy these profitable effects, the "choice of such tunes as, having life and vigor in their composition, are adapted to cheer and elevate the soul and invigorate the motion of the spirits," goes on to catalogue the helpful effects of music in attacks of the spleen or vapors. In such cases Mr. Browne holds "that a soft adagio would be very improper, as by its melodious strains it only tends to soothe our melancholy, and bring a languishing upon the spirits that are already drooping." Mr. Browne is also authority for the statement that "the airy, sprightly strokes of a brisk allegro are of prodigious service in the cure of apoplexies, lethargies, etc.," and thus proclaims his preference for the use of brisk "measures" rather than slow ones. No results of the experiments and experiences of the St. Cecilians, who are understood to put their trust in suave melodies and gentle strains, have as yet transpired; but such results, when announced, will be of decided interest as bearing directly on the future possibilities, now largely discussed, of music as a means of creating an emotional effect through the medium of the sensitory nerves. In other words, through the body as well as through the mind.

It is a highly curious and interesting fact that at the present moment in the two capital cities of the English-speaking world grand opera is practically as dead as Cæsar. The unreasonably large salaries demanded by operatic artists since Patti set the fashion, which are out of all proportion to their drawing powers, are at the bottom of the whole difficulty, which in London as in New York has been first and foremost a financial one. No responsible manager will embark in any theatrical enterprise which will not in the long-run bring him back his cost of production, and a remuneration for his time and labor in reasonable proportion to the risks incurred. Any venture, theatrical or operatic, which does not do this is and must be, eventually at any rate, a failure; and no outside bolstering up in the shape of guarantees by subscription or private enterprise or liberality can make it anything else. An entire readjustment of the existing financial relations between operatic artists and managers, whereby they may be placed on a reasonable and practical footing, must be made before we can hope to see high-class opera established on anything like a permanent basis; unless, indeed, governmental aid, in the shape of a regular subsidy, should in some way be found possible.

As the English-speaking public has been dosed, lo! these many years, with polyglot opera in large quantities, there is a very strong presumption to the effect that what that public really wants, and will therefore support, is high-class opera sung in the English tongue. Acting on this belief, and doubtless also influenced by the fact that his new Manhattan Opera-house has been proven to be acoustically unsuitable for purely dramatic performances, Mr. Hammerstein announces that he will positively give a season of grand opera in English, in an entirely adequate fashion, at the Manhattan Opera-house, commencing January 23d, and extending over thirteen weeks. If this promise be fulfilled, this somewhat tentative experiment will afford an excellent opportunity for testing the actual condition of public opinion as to the operatic needs and requirements of the present time, and the results of this praiseworthy enterprise on the part of Mr. Hammerstein will be awaited with the deepest interest.

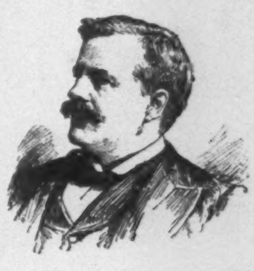
The London *Times* concludes a lengthy critique of Mascagni's new opera, *I Rantzau*, with the following concise summary of the work: "*I Rantzau* is in all respects an advance on *L'Amico Fritz*, and may therefore be expected to achieve an even greater popularity than its predecessor; but, even if this tentative prophecy remains unfulfilled, and the public taste will not interest itself in the quarrel of two old men, musicians in general will certainly hold that, in virtue of this opera, Mascagni must be now considered a permanent and potent factor in European art."

And again, of Mascagni's music in general: "Nothing in the realm of pure music need ever be expected from him. His business, his delight, is to discern everywhere the possibility of making a dramatic effect. Of his power to do this there has never been question, and if *I Rantzau* must be held to rank below *Cavalleria* in the sum-total of its achievements, it is not because Mascagni has treated the one less brilliantly than the other, but because he is here wasting his strength on an improper subject. Dignity is to seek in most of Mascagni's work; but melody, beauty, power, breadth, are all to be found in this score." The impression given by the whole critique is that *I Rantzau*, like *L'Amico Fritz*, is in reality little more than a *succès d'estime*.

One of the interesting features of the present dramatic season will be the inauguration next month of the new Theatre of Arts and Letters, now completely organized and ready for business. The list of associate members, who support the undertaking by a subscription amounting to $25 for a ticket admitting the subscriber to all performances, includes many well-known names, while the Directory and Advisory Committee is made up of those gentlemen now most prominent in dramatic and literary circles. The purpose of the Theatre of Arts and Letters is in no way similar to that of the Parisian Théâtre Libre. Its aim and object is rather to do for the drama and dramatic art in America what the Académie has done for literature in France; or, in other words, to set up a standard of artistic excellence, by which the drama in general and the work of aspiring American dramatists may be judged, and thereby assist in a legitimate way the author, the manager, the actor, and the public. Five performances will be given this season at various theatres, the initial one taking place at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, at which every detail in acting, scenery, and costume will be attended to by those admittedly the most competent to do so; while the plays to be represented (of which twenty have already been accepted by the committee on selection of plays) will be chosen not alone because of their suitability for the stage, but also—and perhaps principally—on account of their purely literary merit. It is hoped that in this way the Theatre of Arts and Letters will not only elevate the standard of dramatic writing, but also that of popular taste, and will, in addition, provide an opportunity for presenting to managers and the public worthy and valuable plays which might otherwise never see the light. Whatever may be the practical result of this experiment, it is certainly worthy of all encouragement on account of its sincere and worthy artistic purpose. **REGINALD DE KOVEN.**

PERSONAL.

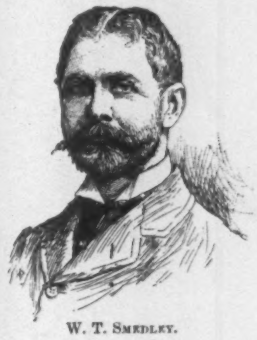
THE Rev. Dr. **MELANCTHON WOOLSEY STRYKER**, the new President of Hamilton College, is still a young man, even in these days of young college presidents. Though but forty-one years old, he has held prominent pastorates at Ithaca, Holyoke, and at Chicago, where he succeeded Dr. **HERRICK JOHNSON** in the strong Fourth Presbyterian Church. It is suggestive of Dr. **STRYKER**'s interest in young men and their education that he gives up his strong church, where he is greatly liked, and a salary of $8000, to accept the presidency of a small college in a small village. But the college, though small, has a fine record, and seems to need nothing so much just now as the leadership of a strong and enthusiastic man. Such Dr. **STRYKER** is—a worthy descendant of his grandfather, Commodore **MELANCTHON WOOLSEY** of the United States Navy. In appearance President **STRYKER** is above medium height, well built, inclining to stoutness, with ruddy face, blue eyes, and brown mustache. Indeed, he shows none of the outward and visible signs of the clergyman. Rather, he resembles most of all our very best type of New York business man. He is a fine orator, a poet of no mean rank, a scholar, a leader in the councils of the Presbyterian Church, and withal an ardent tennis-player and fisherman.



—Mr. **JOSEPH C. HENDRIX**, who has been elected to Congress from Brooklyn, has grown a great deal in the public mind since he first attracted attention nine years ago by stepping from a reporter's desk to canvass for the office of Mayor of Brooklyn against **SETH LOW**. He is the son of a banker of Fayetteville, Missouri, and is about forty years old. From Cornell University he went into journalism, but did not return to it after running for Mayor. He became a trustee of the East River Bridge, and later was appointed Postmaster of Brooklyn by President **CLEVELAND**. He was called "the model postmaster of the country." Leaving that office with a change of the Federal government, he organized the Kings County Trust Company, with half a million capital and $250,000 surplus. The stock of the company has increased in value twice and a half since it was issued. Mr. **HENDRIX** has been six times elected President of the Brooklyn Department of Public Instruction, and besides standing for businesslike methods and rigid honesty in public affairs, has developed the higher grades of the common-school system to a point that has attracted the attention of men engaged in similar work all over the country. He is a Councillor of the Long Island Historical Society, a Director of the Brooklyn Club, and of the Marine and Field Club, and a member of the Manhattan and Press clubs in New York.

—Mrs. **HETTY GREEN**, who is said to be worth $40,000,000, and is probably the richest woman in her own right in this country, told an interviewer the other day that she disliked business, and "would a great deal rather be a society woman." Yet at the time she was attired in a dress that could not have cost $10. She spends but little money on personal luxuries or adornment. All the jewelry she wears is comprised in two plain old gold rings, and she lives in inexpensive quarters—much of the time in boarding-houses. She believes in economy, and, according to her own confession, one of the first occupations she gave her son after he had been graduated from college was to paint the front door of a carriage factory, of which she had recently become possessed; and the young man was counselled to buy a few cents' worth of paint and a cheap brush for the purpose.

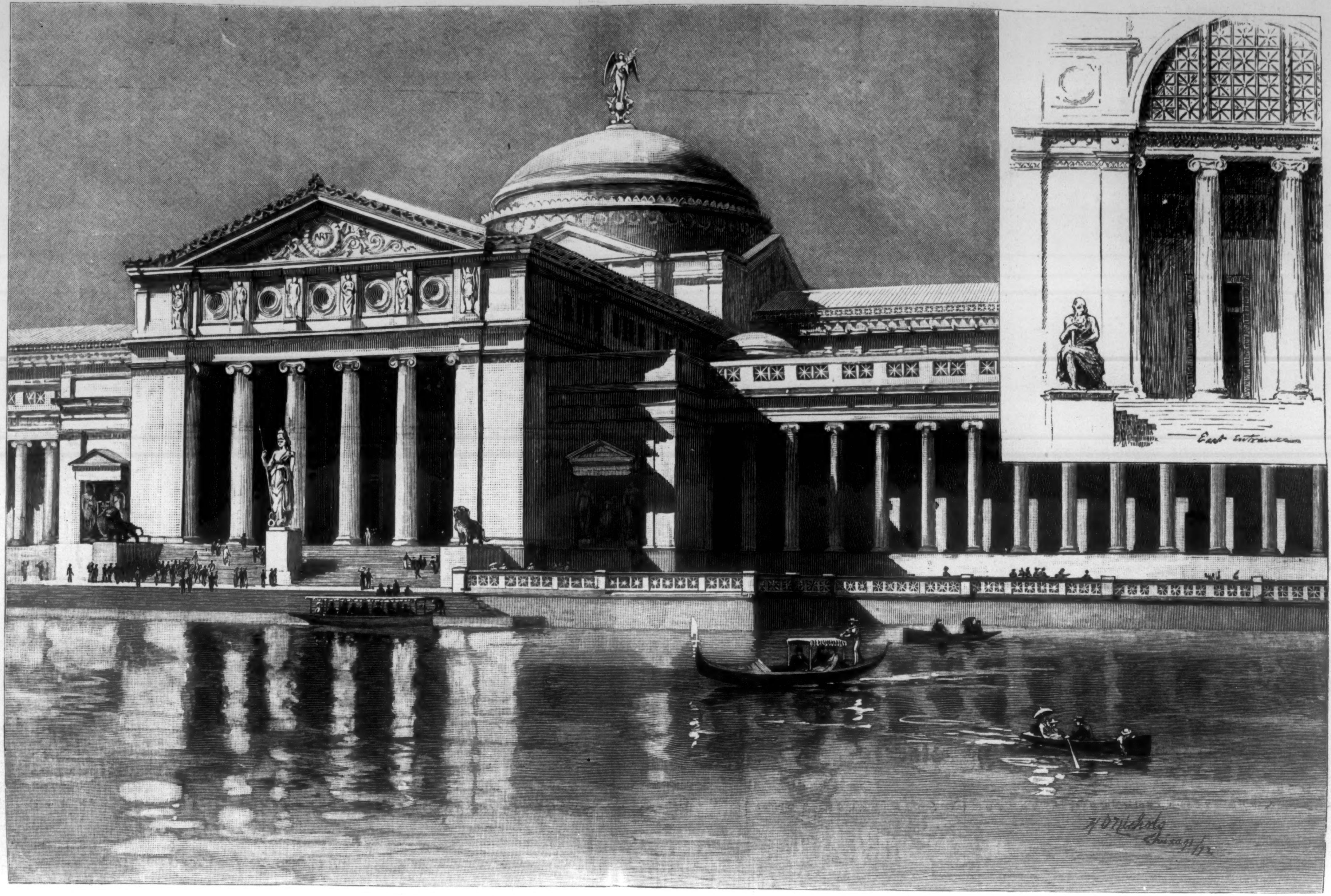
—A dinner was given to Mr. **W. T. SMEDLEY**, the artist, last week by his fellow-members of the Players Club. It was largely attended by the most prominent men in art and letters in New York, and letters of congratulation were received from many others who live elsewhere. The dinner gave several gentlemen a chance to say pleasant things about the approaching marriage of the guest of the evening to Miss **MAY RUTTER DARLING**, of Wilkesbarre. The dinner cards were designed by **C. D. GIBSON** and **C. S. REINHART**, and among those present were **T. DE THULSTRUP**, **STANFORD WHITE**, **AUGUSTUS ST. GAUDENS**, **FREDERIC REMINGTON**, **J. CARROLL BECKWITH**, **JOHN HARPER**, **R. F. ZOGBAUM**, and many others.



W. T. SMEDLEY.

—Governor-elect **TURNEY**, of Tennessee, who was recently reported to be dying, but whose health has since improved, is one of the finest-looking men in that State, of which he was until recently Chief Justice. He is more than six feet tall, and splendidly proportioned, though his natural strength has been much weakened since the second battle of Bull Run by a shot he received there in the mouth, the bullet passing through his neck. This wound has never entirely healed, and it was predicted when he made the canvass for Governor that the strain would affect him fatally. Judge **TURNEY** is one of the most popular of Tennesseeans, and his death would be sincerely mourned throughout the State.

—Mr. **WILLIAM C. WHITNEY**, whose success as a party and society leader is as great as it is deserved, is a man of about fifty years, with a well-rounded figure of somewhat more than medium height. His hair is brown, with a trace of gray in it, his eyes dark and deep set, and his nose rather large. His face is clean-shaven, except for a mustache, and he wears eye-glasses constantly. He dresses with great care and even elegance. Mr. **WHITNEY** is of New England parentage, the son of a prominent railroad investor. He is said to be inclined to indolence, but his ambition has spurred him on to accomplish more difficult tasks than those which most men reputed to be hard-workers are willing to undertake.


ART
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H D Nichols
Chicago 1/92

COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION—GALLERY OF FINE ARTS.—Drawn by H. D. Nichols.

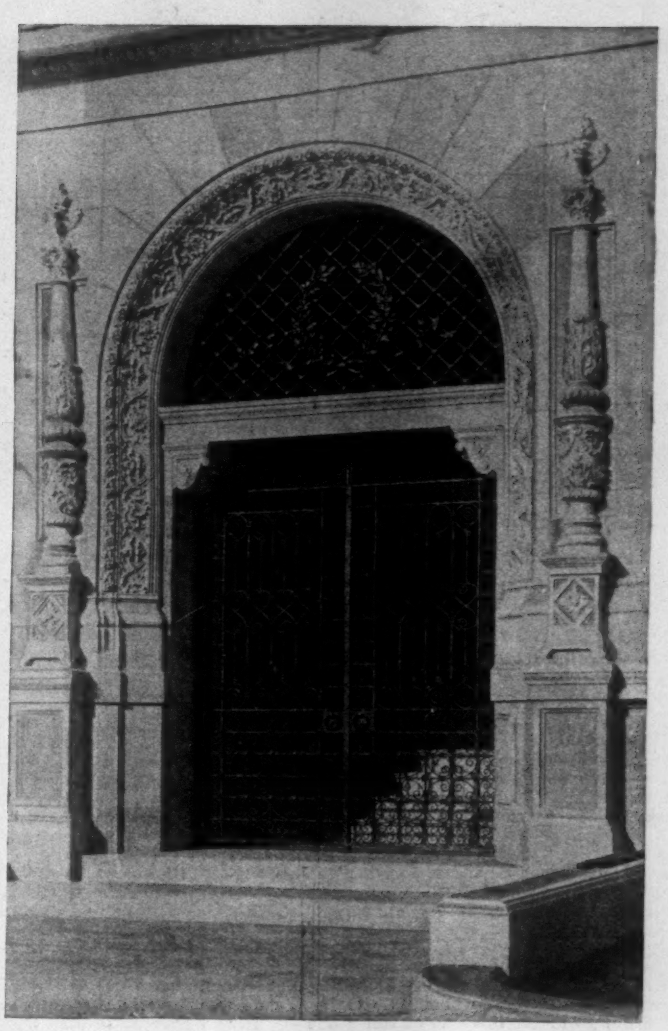
THE AMERICAN FINE ARTS SOCIETY.

BY JNO. GILMER SPEED.

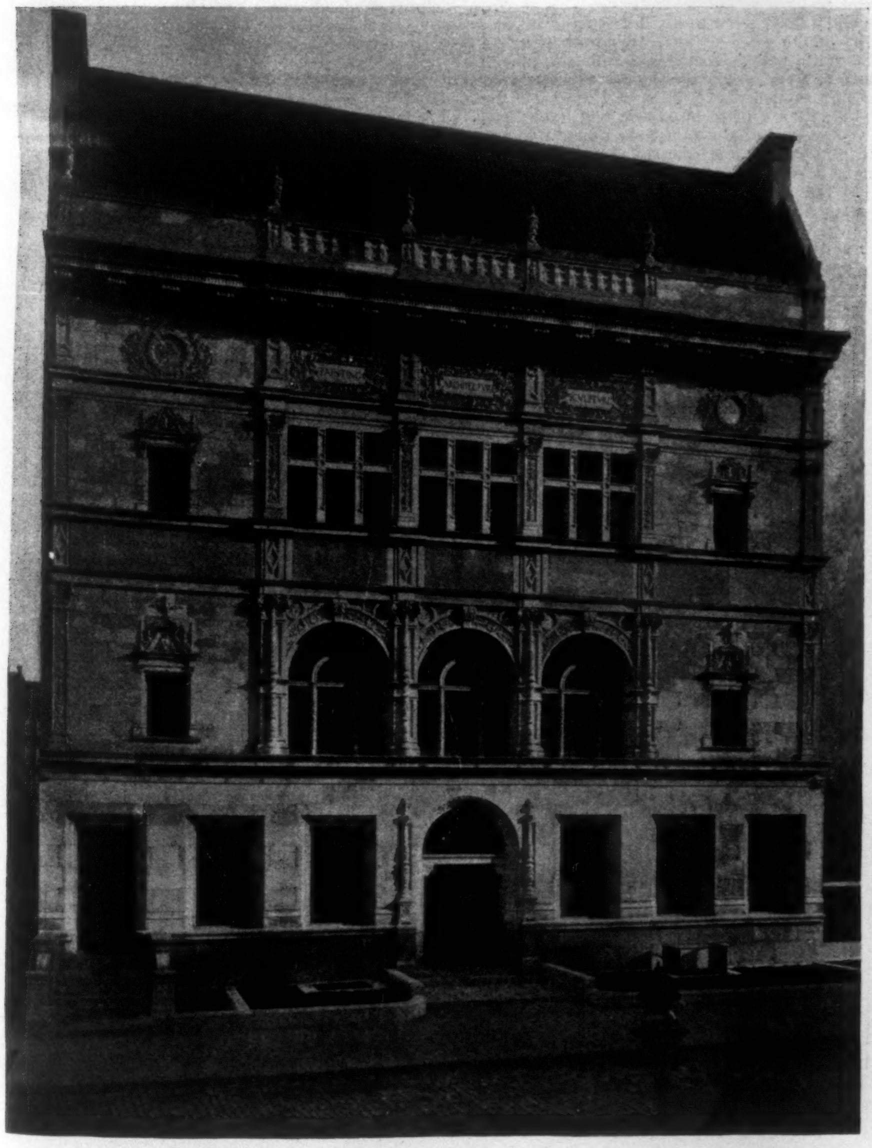
THE National Academy of Design was founded a long time ago, and in the beginning probably the majority of members were not more than amateur artists. This was inevitable, perhaps, for at that time there were not enough professional artists in the United States to form an academy of any magnitude, and besides, both Philadelphia and Boston had societies of a kindred sort, and these were at the time just as national as the Academy in New York. As the numbers of professional artists in the country increased, and as New York more and more became the centre of art life in the New World, the amateurs dropped out of the Academy, but as their places were taken to a great extent by the mediocre men who formed what was known as the Hudson River School, the art plane was not elevated by the Academy as quickly as it should have been. During the past twenty years there has been a great quickening of æsthetic taste in America, and this lively awakening was assisted in a marked degree by the return home of young American artists who had worked in the ateliers of Paris and the studios of Munich. They came back imbued with the spirit of modern European art. To no small extent the work of these youths was incomprehensible to the conservative gentlemen who managed the Academy. These ambitious youths would send pictures for exhibition. If there was any room after the canvases of the old fogies had been placed on the line, some of these were hung, but rarely very well hung. All this was the occasion of irritation, and this irritation manifested itself in a natural and practical way.

In 1877 eighteen of these young artists got together and formed the Society of American Artists. The first exhibition was not large, but it was very interesting. Not only all of the eighteen exhibited, but many of their comrades, still in Europe, sent over canvases. Some discriminating critics recognized a new and important departure in this exhibition, but the conservatives thought it only a spasmodic movement of a group of men impatient that they should have to wait for recognition. The Academicians generally spoke in good-natured raillery of the show of the "young fellows," and said that they wished them well, and all that. But year by year these exhibitions grew in size and importance, and it was not long before the exhibition of the society was the real art feature of the season in New York. Then the members of the Academy realized that the "young fellows" had organized a rival institution. An effort was made to stem the popular tide. Now one and now another of the Society members were elected to the Academy, and in some instances such new Academicians left the Society, feeling, perhaps, that it had served their purposes. But this was not the rule, for generally to be an Academician abated no whit the zeal of a Society member. The Society, though it lost somewhat from deaths and resignations, has grown steadily, and now the roll contains about one hundred and twenty names, and among these names are those of the most considerable artists in the country—artists who are now receiving an abundant reward for their devotion to good art.

But even before the formation of the Society just alluded to there had been another practical protest against the methods of the Academy. This protest resulted in the formation of the Art Students' League of New York, which is now in its seventeenth year. At the classes of this League were educated many of those who now are full members of the Society. Perhaps without the existence of this art school the prosperity and steady growth of the Society would have been impossible. From the beginning the two organizations have been united by close ties of sympathy, and the teachers of the League classes nearly always came from the Society, while an ambitious League student looked forward with hope to the time when one of his pictures should be shown at an exhibition of the Society, or that his name should find a place in the list of members. But neither Society nor League has till now had any permanent home. Both have had to rent quarters where they could find them, and neither being endowed, each had to pay its way from year to year. That both have prospered under such conditions is an indication that there was an actual need for them.



MAIN ENTRANCE.



THE NEW BUILDING OF THE AMERICAN FINE ARTS SOCIETY, NEW YORK.

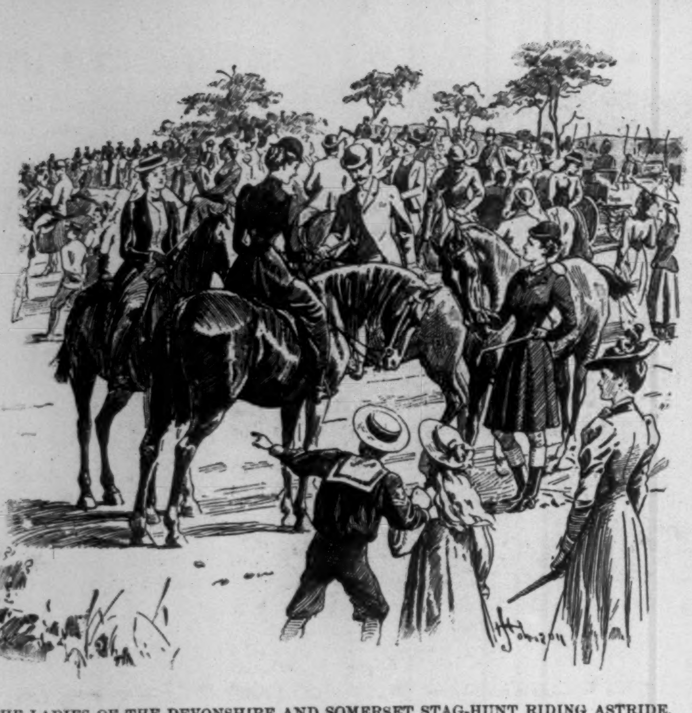
Several years ago there was another art society formed, and the members of this were in entire accord and sympathy with the objects of the League and the Society. The third organization was the Architectural League of New York. This, too, was homeless. It was natural, therefore, when the three organizations felt strong enough to try and build a house, that they should unite in the effort, and so bind themselves together by even stronger ties than those of sympathy and a common purpose to elevate American art and make it worthy of the country. So a fourth organization was formed—a stock company with the title American Fine Arts Society. This company has a capitalization of $50,000, and the shares were taken by the members of the three organizations. The sum secured by the sale of stock was not sufficient to do what was desired, but luckily some patrons of art in New York came to the assistance of the new society, and formed a "gift fund," which amounts now to considerably more than $125,000. This fund is to be held in trust for twenty-one years, and then when the Fine Arts Society is established on firm foundations it is to be paid over to the treasurer. From these two sources, and by placing a mortgage of $100,000 on the lot that had been purchased in Fifty-seventh Street, near Broadway, the new society was ready to build. Members of the Architectural League were invited to submit plans for a building. These were shown at the Spring Exhibition of 1890 of the Society of American Artists.

The plans of Mr. H. J. Hardenberg were selected, and from these the splendid structure which is now the home of the three allied organizations has just been finished in Fifty-seventh Street. And a splendid home it is. The façade suggests in some undefinable way the purpose of the structure. It is chaste and graceful and thoroughly artistic.

The lower floor is given up to four exhibition galleries, all on the same elevation. In these there is much more wall space than in the Academy galleries, and because there are no stairs great crowds can be accommodated comfortably. On one side of the entrance is the club-room of the Society of American Artists, and across the hall is the business office of the American Fine Arts Society. Upstairs are the rooms of the Architectural League, and the dozen or more class-rooms of the Art Students' League. All of these are ample.

The galleries will be opened on the 5th of December with what is called a "Retrospective Exhibition" of the Society of American Artists. At this exhibition any picture made by a member previous to June 1, 1892, can be exhibited whether it has been shown before or not, and the exhibition is meant to illustrate in a measure the work of the Society since its formation.

No more striking and important art movement was ever begun in America than that which led to the alliance of these three societies and the erection of the beautiful building of the American Fine Arts Society.



THE LADIES OF THE DEVONSHIRE AND SOMERSET STAG-HUNT RIDING ASTRIDE.

WHERE WOMEN RIDE ASTRIDE.

SEVERAL of the ladies of the Devonshire and Somerset (England) Stag Hunt are now riding to the chase as men do—that is, astride. To the conventional mind this is truly startling, but the ladies are commended by a writer as having the courage of their convictions, and furthermore, says the scribe, "the phenomenon no longer appears a phenomenon, so common has it become." This suggests the historic question, "What are we coming to?" or the latest version of the same, "Where are we at?" This is certainly an advance in Woman's Rights, and far ahead of anything in our own country—outside of a circus and a few isolated instances where necessity knew no law. It would be hard to imagine a phenomenon so common in our native land. The American girl, at whom the Continent stands aghast, does not go in for this sort of thing like our fair English cousins. "A long riding coat, breeches, and top-boots" may proclaim the courageous English woman, and although a high hat, trousers, and Prince Albert coat have been adopted by certain females in this free country, there is nothing common about it, nor does it bid fair to become at all popular. In Dahomey they have Amazons—or rather had them, since the French have now conquered that province; and in England certain Dianas suggest those creatures which once were thought to exist alone in fable. Of course if women want to ride astride they are at liberty to do so; but seriously speaking, it is not at all likely that many will avail themselves of the privilege. Most men have a reverence for gentle woman, especially for a true womanly woman; and with all due regard to the ladies who choose to ride as men, the latter really do not care to see the practice universally adopted. They are not jealous of their rights, but they are of their ideals, and to see a woman cantering about the country astride a horse would serve to shatter such ideals. That, at least, is how some men feel on the subject; others may be more liberal, but then their ideals are not the same by any means. Precedent has declared how women should ride, and to do contrary to precedent is to call forth criticism which the true and womanly woman avoids and shrinks from. But the question is not answered by any means, and perhaps it depends altogether upon what society may say, and there is no accounting for society's verdicts.

IN THE WORKSHOP OF THE AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY.

BY EDMUND COLLINS.

ON Manhattan Square, between Seventy-ninth and Eighty-first streets, and close to the west side of Central Park, stands the American Museum of Natural History. Only a small portion of the square has yet been built upon, but the plan of the directors is to occupy every foot of the ground. This is not, as its name seems to imply, a national institution, nor does it belong to the city of New York. It is largely the work of several public-spirited men, who considered it disgraceful that there should not be in the great metropolis of New York some institution where could be found representatives of the more important flora and fauna of the continent.

The museum sends a corps of men out every year collecting rare animals. They penetrate wildernesses where perhaps the sound of human voice has never been heard before, and Mr. Chapman and his co-workers have spent weeks in the Dismal Swamp watching for moccasins and other repulsive creatures. So alert are the representatives of this institution that one of them the other day secured a specimen of an almost extinct mammal, native to the Bahamas, a creature which swarmed in these islands at the time of Columbus. There is not another museum that has one of these specimens. They also scour the plains for elk, buffalo, and other animals, and one of the important arrivals at the museum is a herd of seven buffaloes, which the taxidermists are now busy in mounting.

The workshop of the museum is a one-story annex building, and is reached by turning to the right after entering the main door. The place is private, because there are many valuable specimens which could easily be removed or destroyed, and there are various chemicals, some of them deadly poisons, on the shelves and tables which ignorant people would do well not to handle.

There are several rooms connected with this annex. In one is a forge where a blacksmith is continually at work preparing the rods, hooks, and other things used in the mounting of specimens; another is the carpenter, sawing and cutting boards.

On one of the walls hang a large number of plaster casts of rare animals, and the workmen and the naturalists are constantly referring to one or more of them. There are rows of closets with coils of wire of every size, bundles of excelsior and tow, numerous spools of thread, poisons, knives, gimlets, awls, scissors, and a score of other things necessary for such work.

The group on which the museum experts are now at work comprise several buffalo, some of which were shot by Messrs. Richardson and Elliott, but the work of securing them was very difficult, and one of the animals, a small cow, was followed forty miles before its capture. There is a young calf which was shot with its mother, a large bull with a huge head and mane, and a small one lying down. Grasses, shrubs, and plants were brought from the buffalo grounds, and part of the work of mounting now going on consists in constructing a correct representation of the part of the plain which these animals select as their habitat. As each animal is mounted it will be stored away till the whole is completed; then a piece of prairie will be devised from exact representations of the materials brought home, and the seven buffalo put upon it, some of them posed as if grazing, and others with their heads thrust up on the alert for some enemy. The calf will be close to its mother, and the rest will be ranged close round about. Very likely the trees as well as the grasses, plants, and shrubs which grow upon the prairie will also be included in the setting.

The museum representatives also scoured the plains and woods of the West for other animals, and brought home a herd of deer and antelopes, which will appear likewise in a group. They will be mounted with the horns on, and in the attitudes most characteristic of them when in their natural haunts. The lichens, browses, buds, leaves, and grasses which serve them as food will be arranged as found in their natural state, just as in the case of the buffalo group. The deer-skins have also been a long time in pickle, and are subject to the same cleansing and curing process as the bison hides. Of course numerous other wild animals, such as lynxes, bears, and jaguars are also in process of mounting, and the museum soon hopes to be able to exhibit an Indian devil, otherwise the ferocious tree-panther, which is the terror of every man who penetrates the primeval forests of the North.

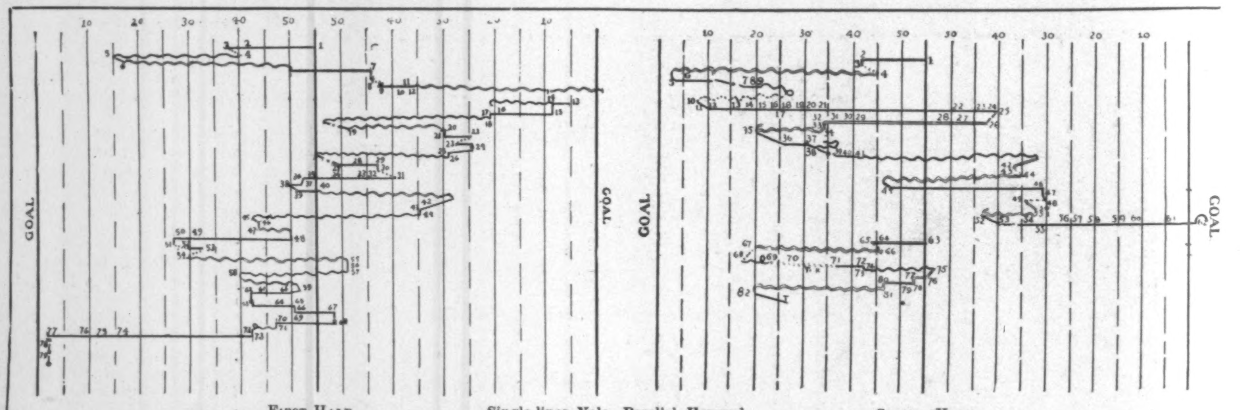
The Indian devil will likely be shown in the branch of a tree, gathered up for a spring, as the brute's habit is, on the throat of his intended victim. Beaver will be shown constructing the embankments that dam streams, throw the water back, and submerge marshes often for several square miles. Their houses, with the different apartments, their methods of cutting down alders and other trees, the manner in which they drag the timber through the woods and steer it along the pond or lake to the spot selected by them, may also be looked for.

A group of musk-rats, or musquash, as they are sometimes called, has been completed, and the combination is most interesting and strictly true to nature. Heavy, semi-opaque glass of a myrtle-green tone represents the water, through which the musk-rats may be seen. On the banks surrounding the water are the houses where the animals live and bring forth their young. A covey of baby musquash in one of the tunnels is perhaps the most interesting feature of the combination. Otter and other fur-bearing animals are also included in the gleanings of the museum.

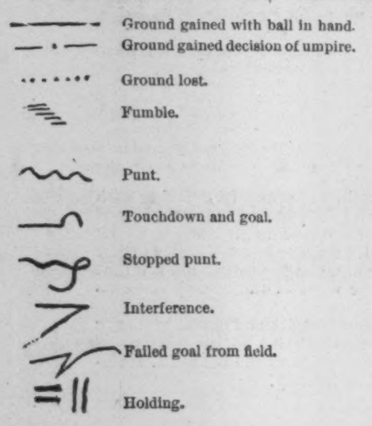
But the most notable figure of all is the huge one-horned rhinoceros, which has not long been built, and which, first of all the animals, attracts the visitors' attention. He is an enormous brute; his skin is an inch thick, and weighed nearly half a ton. It took many months to cure it, but the beast now looks as if it were alive, every fold in the skin, every spot and color being carefully reproduced.

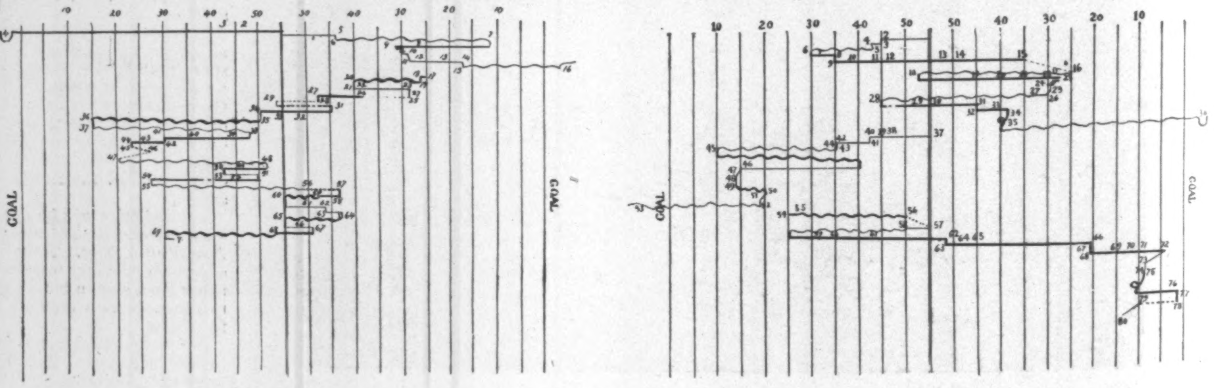
The method employed in mounting the buffalo group is much the same as that adopted in reproducing the rhinoceros. A shield of wood is prepared, and it is made the exact length of the animal from the juncture of the neck with the body to the jointure of the tail; from the ridge of the backbone to the under part of the body, the outline above and below being carefully studied from photographs, drawings, and casts. This is fixed firmly in position, and the next step is to construct a number of partitions at right angles to the shield, these being cut at the outer ends so as to represent the curvature in the animal's girth. The whole frame-work is then covered with laths, and the general outline of the animal is obtained; but there is much still to be done to give a correct representation of the living form. Where the manakin is too flat it is filled out with excelsior or tow, which is fastened firmly in place, after which the skin is tried on. It is very seldom that a skin fits the manakin, and here is a point where the skill of the taxidermist is called for. The drawings, casts, photographs, and body measurements are consulted, and the frame-work is enlarged here and reduced there till a perfect form is obtained, after which the skin is fastened on. The head is carved out of wood, and constructed with the same exactness, and is held in place by a curved iron bolt. When the figure is completed it is so substantial that it might be rolled about the floor without losing its form.

The hair on the skins is so treated that it looks as it does in life, but the hide of the rhinoceros was one of the most difficult feats of taxidermy yet presented to the museum. The heavy folds had to be reproduced, and formed firmly, but without stiffness, while it required about twenty different coats of stains and paints to represent the natural colors of the skin. It is usual sometimes to set up the skeleton of

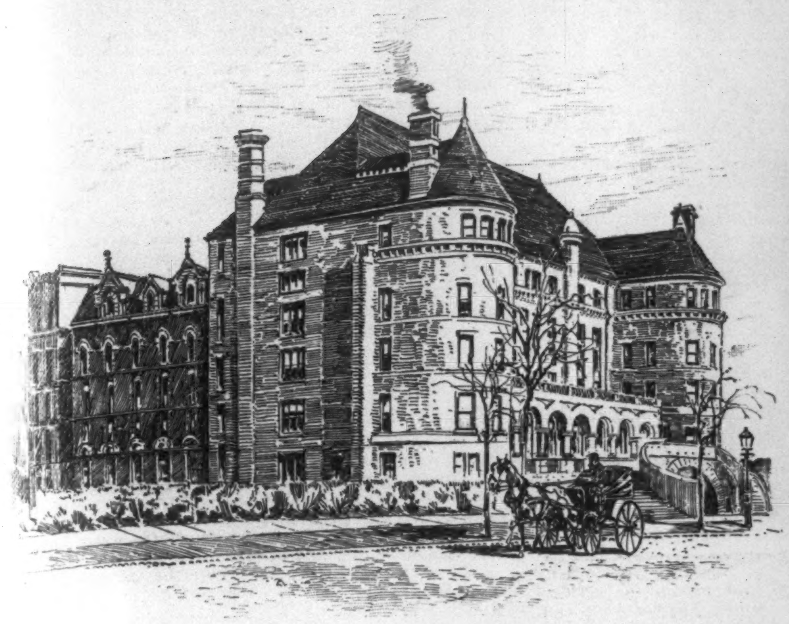


THE YALE-HARVARD FOOTBALL GAME AT SPRINGFIELD, NOVEMBER 19, 1892.—DRAWN BY ROSWELL PARRISH, JUN.





THE YALE-PRINCETON FOOTBALL GAME AT MANHATTAN FIELD, NOVEMBER 24, 1892.—DRAWN BY ROSWELL PARRISH, JUN.



THE MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, CENTRAL PARK, NEW YORK.

animals, and varnish the bones, and reproduce the same creature by a frame-work of wood, covering it with the natural hide or papier-maché. Whenever possible, the horns that belong to the animal mounted are used, but it is often necessary to take the antlers of some other animal of the same family and use them. The herds of deer and buffalo with which Mr. Richardson is now most concerned will have their own horns, and will appear exactly as they were on the plains.

But the animals mentioned do not absorb all the interest; there is a vast and valuable collection of birds, taxidermists being constantly employed arranging groups showing the sort of ground the birds inhabit and in which they build their nests. Every day you find the operators fashioning the bodies of these birds of excelsior and tow, and winding the dummy round and round with thread to get the body in shape. A considerable portion of the Audubon collection is there, and several other noted ones. The collection of humming-birds is one of the finest in the world, comprising about 400 different species, and some of these little creatures are valued at from $100 to $150 each, the price being based chiefly on the exquisite and rich play of color in the plumage as the bird is moved under the eye. Some of these dainty treasures have bills as long and fine as needles, with the inner side of each mandible resembling a saw, the teeth of which are so fine as to be almost invisible to the naked eye. The swallows are receiving very careful treatment, the banks where they tunnel and hatch their young being made with strikingly realistic effect. There are likewise groups of ptarmigan and grouse, land birds in hundreds, and sea-fowl from the shores of Hudson's Bay to Greenland, which are passing into the hands of the taxidermists. Nowhere else, I suppose, is there a better collection of guillemot, the bird which is the chief fresh-meat food of so many fishermen in the early part of the summer.

As for woods, I believe they have specimens of every important tree that grows on this continent, some of them being polished and varnished, and others left rough in order to show the grain of the wood in both states. Mr. Richardson will soon make an excursion into Maine to collect more specimens for the department of fauna, and new varieties of sharks, dolphins, porpoises, seals, and hundreds of other fishes will be obtained and added to the present exhibit.

The workmen of the museum are making ready for the mounting of a herd of moose, which will comprise several animals posed as when they go through the woods or graze along the clearings; the trees, leaves, browse, and grasses that they eat will be reproduced, as well as the general character of their resorts.

THREE BLESSINGS IN ONE.

A TRIPLET of benefits is comprised in the single word—vigor. This implies good appetite, sound sleep, the power to digest. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters endows an enfeebled system with vigor. It insures digestion, helps nightly repose, and increases zest for the food it enables the system to assimilate. It is potent in malaria, constipation, liver and kidney complaints, and rheumatism.—[*Adv.*]

WINTER TOURS TO CALIFORNIA, FLORIDA, AND OTHER POINTS OF INTEREST.

SOME idea of the amount of travelling done by Americans as a people, and the comfort and luxury at their command, is gathered from the Pennsylvania Railroad Company's announcement of its personally conducted tours for 1893.

First comes a series to the Golden Gate, starting from New York, Philadelphia, and Harrisburg, February 8th, March 2d, and March 29th, 1893. Tourists will travel by superbly appointed special trains of Pullman drawing-room, sleeping, dining, smoking, and observation cars, under the supervision of a Tourist Agent and Chaperon.

Next in importance comes a series of five to Florida—January 31st, February 14th and 28th, March 14th and 28th. The first four admit of two whole weeks in the sunny South, while tickets for the fifth tour are good to return by regular trains until May 30th, 1893.

They will be conducted on the same general principles, and maintained at that high standard manifested on all Pennsylvania Railroad Company's personally conducted tours. For information and detailed itineraries now being prepared, apply to Ticket Agents or Tourist Agents, 849 Broadway, New York; 860 Fulton Street, Brooklyn; or 233 South Fourth Street, Philadelphia.—[*Adv.*]

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has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. Sold by druggists in every part of the world. Twenty-five cents a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

WHEN baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.
[*Adv.*]

GOOD COOKING

Is one of the chief blessings of every home. To always insure good custards, puddings, sauces, etc., use Gail Borden "Eagle" Brand Condensed Milk. Directions on the label. Sold by your grocer and druggist.—[*Adv.*]

PHILLIPS' DIGESTIBLE COCOA

is a valuable substitute for tea or coffee. It nourishes while they only stimulate. A superior drink for women. —[*Adv.*]

USE BROWN'S CAMPHORATED SAPONACEOUS DENTIFRICE for the TEETH. DELICIOUS. 25c. —[*Adv.*]

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"The Great Pain Reliever," for internal and external use; cures cramps, colic, colds; all pain. 25c.—[*Adv.*]

LADIES are greatly benefited by the use of the tonic, Dr. Siegert's ANGOSTURA BITTERS.—[*Adv.*]

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of Scott's Emulsion in consumption, scrofula and other forms of hereditary disease is due to its powerful food properties.

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rapidly creates healthy flesh—proper weight. Hereditary taints develop only when the system becomes weakened.

Nothing in the world of medicine has been so successful in diseases that are most menacing to life. Physicians everywhere prescribe it.

Prepared by Scott & Bowne, N. Y. All druggists.

Smiles are becoming only when the Lips Display Pretty Teeth.

The shells of the ocean yield no pearl that can exceed in beauty teeth whitened and cleansed with that incomparable Dentifrice, Fragrant

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which hardens and invigorates the GUMS, purifies and perfumes the BREATH, beautifies and preserves the TEETH, from youth to old age.

By those who have used it it is regarded as an indispensable adjunct of the toilet. It thoroughly removes tartar from the teeth, without injuring the enamel.

Persons afraid to laugh, lest they should disclose the discoloration of their teeth, have only to brush them every day with fragrant

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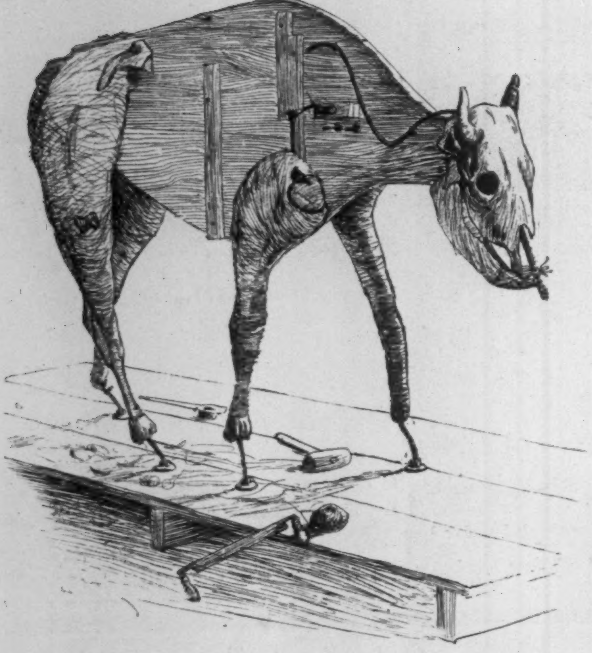

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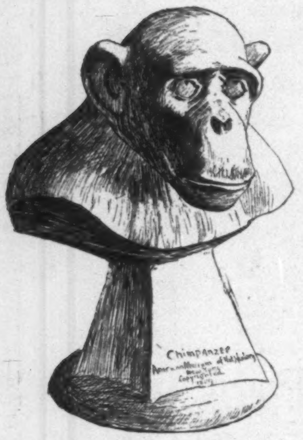

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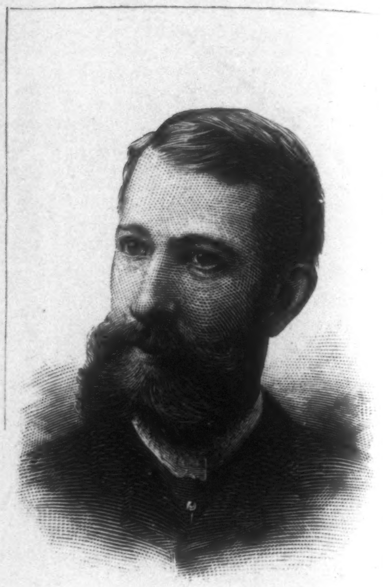

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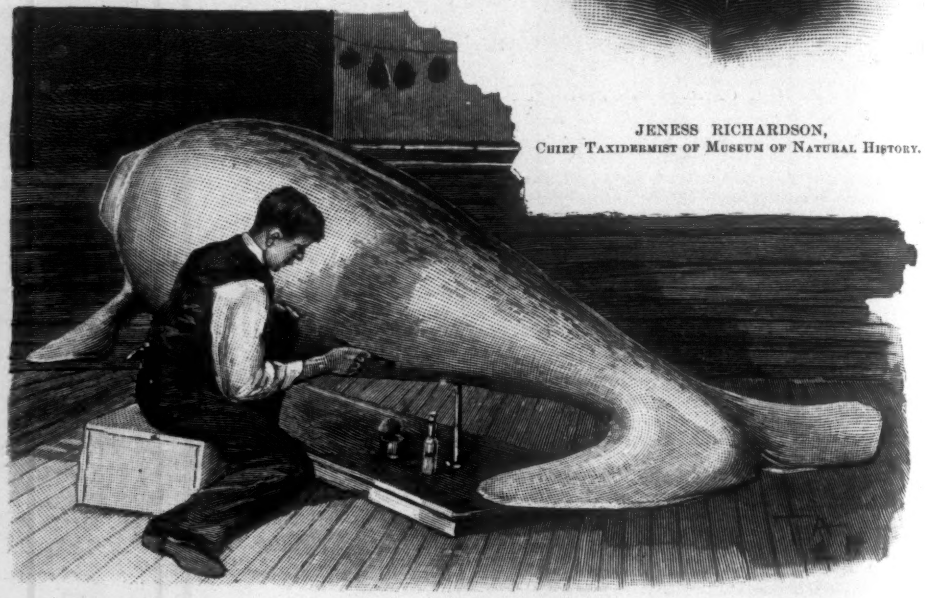

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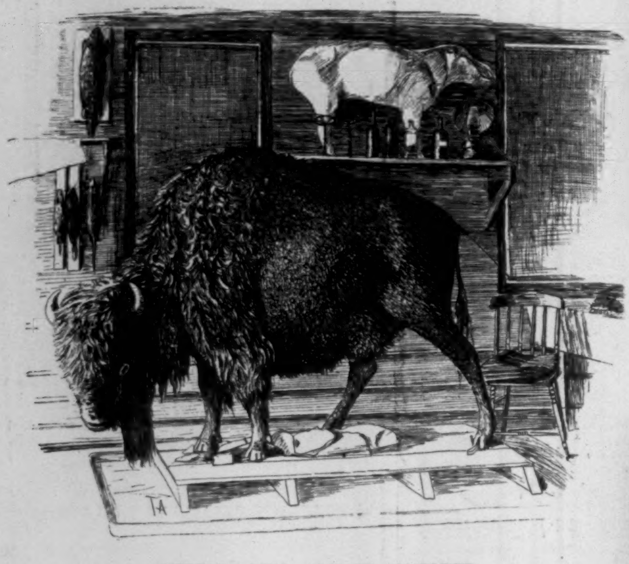

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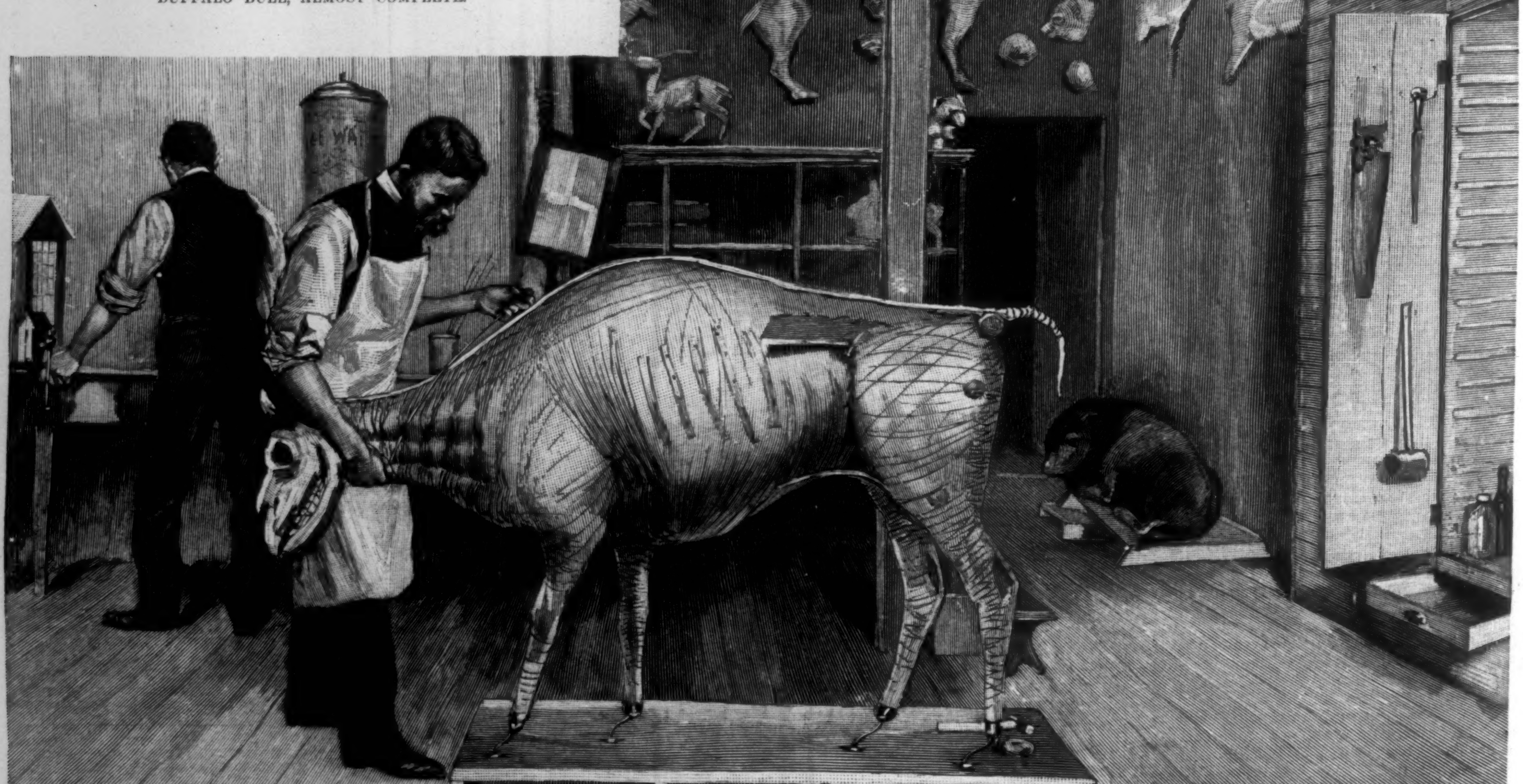

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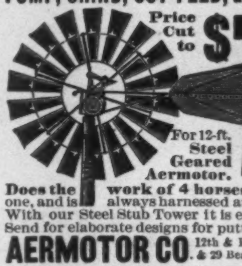

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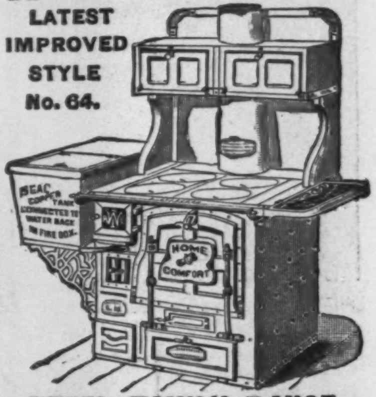

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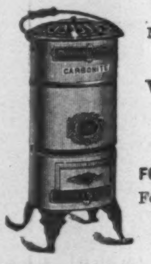

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Of gladness which the forest heard,
That soon was answered from the throat
Of mating bird.

Stronger it grew,
Wide-spreading like a wind-swept fire,
Until the feathered woodland crew
Had joined the quire.

The grasses woke,
With velvet carpet lined the ground,
The summit of the kingly oak
With buds was crowned.

And as the wind
Came from the South on gentle wings,
The grasses and the buds inclined
As well-tuned strings

Swept by the hand
Of some great master; and the trees
And grasses waked the sleeping land
With harmonies.

The sun-warmed earth
Cast off the chains of winter grim,
Rejoicing in the spring's glad birth
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Made merry in the pleasant time,
Forgetting winter, cold, and ruth,
In loving rhyme.

One heart alone
Grieved at the joy of youth and maid—
The monk within his cell of stone
Wept as he prayed.

All that he had
Of earth was one bright sunny beam
That made his dreary prison glad
With golden stream.

And when the song
Proclaimed the reign of spring begun,
He knew that through the summer long
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Was not for him.
Outside his cell the trees would bloom,
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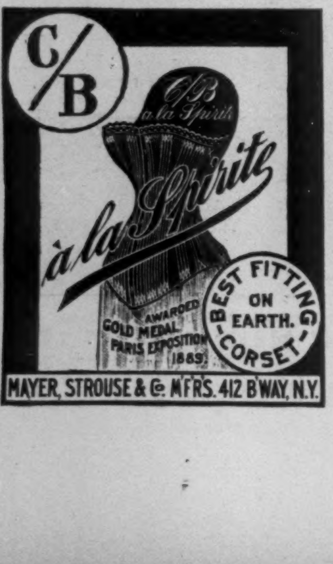

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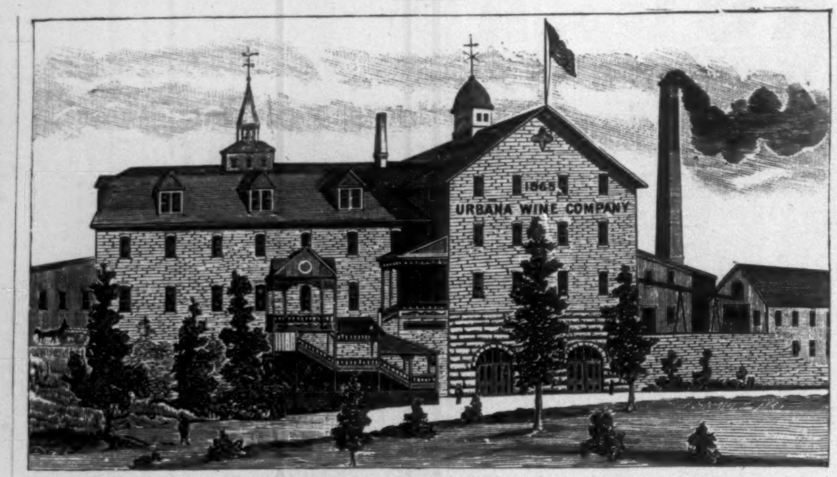

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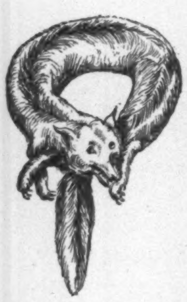

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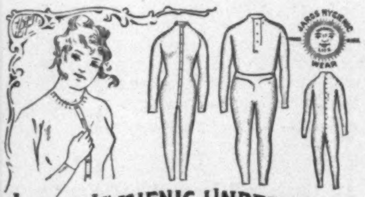

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AMATEUR · SPORT

FOR THE SECOND SUCCESSIVE YEAR a Yale eleven has gone through the football season without having a single point scored against it, even by its two greatest opponents, Harvard and Princeton. Captain McCormick's is the third team in Yale's football history to make such a record. The first was Corbin's in '88, and the second McClung's in '91. But this year's eleven has done more than any one of them to open our eyes to the possibilities of good systematic coaching. McCormick's eleven has demonstrated in football what Hartwell's crew did in rowing last June—that the success of a team does not depend on its number of "star" players. We used to think that unless every man was a "star" the work of the whole must fall short of championship form. The teams of '88 and '89 probably did much towards establishing such belief, and McClung's aggregation of "cracks" last year strengthened it immensely. This year, however, we have advanced another step in football, and, as usual, Yale has led the way.

THE WORK OF THAT "FRESHMAN CENTRE" was an object-lesson of much value. To say that it held its own against the centres of both Harvard and Princeton would be at least justice. They were not always a stone wall, to be sure, and Hickox and McCrea did not invariably keep Waters, Mackie, Wheeler, or Hall from breaking through, but their average throughout the match was good, and their improvement was shown by the steadier play against Princeton.

Now the lesson of all this is that, after all, it is the coaching that makes the team. Here were three men whose chief qualification was strength; two of them, McCrea and Hickox, were green, had never played on a college eleven, and the other, Stillman, had been tried last year and found wanting. Captain McCormick's head was as level as a die in clinging persistently to Stillman, despite some very ragged work, for though he gives the opposing snap back too much license in handling the ball, he plays a steady game. These three have faced men in Harvard, Princeton, University of Penn. games, all of whom, with the exception of Hall, were much more experienced. They had strength and the proper spirit—and Yale coaching did the rest.

The difference in the handling of the three elevens this year emphasizes the superiority of the Yale method. At New Haven the season begins with a complete understanding between men, captain, and coachers of the plan to be followed. The men are taken from the beginning and drilled thoroughly in the rudiments, advancing understandingly under skilled supervision; when it comes to the final two or three weeks, and the coachers are gathered on the field, they find a team well grounded in the principles of the game, and ready for the finishing touches.

THE THANKSGIVING-DAY GAME, with its 12–0 score in Yale's favor, showed that Princeton has been steadily improving her game since '90. Notwithstanding the Yale eleven every year has been a bit harder to withstand, with its development of interference and general team-play, Princeton has held her down for a smaller score each succeeding season. The game Princeton played last Thursday was really astonishingly good when it is taken into consideration that for the past two weeks of practice the cripples had necessitated a daily change in the make-up of the team. It seems I was right in believing the men would die in the last ditch. They made a glorious fight for the honor of old Nassau, and their game proved both men and coachers had been working diligently since the Pennsylvania defeat. They had made a very strong defensive game, but they had done very little to correct that weakness which proved fatal, as I feared it would, of not protecting Homans on a kick. Once it resulted in a blocked kick and a touch-down, and several times in a loss of yards by the full back being tackled before the ball had left his hands.

Homans's kicking was much below any he has ever done in a championship game; his punting gained nothing like the ground it should. In fact, he made but one in his old form during the day, while one of the tries for a field goal was disappointing. It is too bad that in his last season he should have been so badly handicapped by a crippled leg.

Butterworth's punting was not up to the mark either, most of his efforts resulting in "pop-up flies," to drop into baseball parlance for the moment. His catching was not tested as it had been at Springfield, but what there was of it showed improvement. His line bucking, however, was as strong as ever. Yale never had a more determined ground-gainer than Butterworth; after all the other backs have missed a gain, he rarely fails to get his five yards. He disappears in the struggling mass, and generally his head and shoulders come out the side nearest the enemy's goal with the desired distance to his credit.

WHY PRINCETON DID NOT KICK MORE in the first half, when the wind was in her favor and the chances excellent of the Yale back muffing, was rather puzzling. Harvard showed at Springfield what a strong game it could be made, and Yale must have felt more comfortable when Princeton stuck so closely to line-bucking. Line-bucking, whether or no, must be traditional at Princeton; the game of '90 may be recalled, when a somewhat similar plan was followed, though there was also a great deal of kicking. Last year Homans's punting was a feature of the game, and kept Yale from the Princeton goal-line all the first half. This year, with one of the strongest defensive lines she ever had, there was less punting. Until Princeton develops interference, it would be to her advantage to stick to a kicking game. There is yet much for her men to learn of interference, and the first thing would be to do more than simply butt into the opposing tacklers, which rarely disposes of them.

YALE'S INTERFERENCE WAS SUPERB, and skilful enough to satisfy the most exacting. It did not always come off, owing to the activity of Lea, Trenchard, and Randolph, but when it did, it was almost irresistible. It was not early interference, but cumulative. It started easily, and gathered headway and aggressiveness as it approached the critical point where the strip of free field was the narrowest, then it spread out and dropped off, man by man, as the runner went by, until he was downed. And the Yale tackling was hard and low, with every Princeton man thrown towards his own goal. Of Princeton's tackling, King's and Poe's and Trenchard's work stands out prominently. King's work especially was remarkable, because so clever, and because it meant so much to his team. Time and again, when it looked as if the runner would get past for a big gain, he was brought to earth by King. Johnny Poe proved his cleverness too by getting the runner several times when hope had just about flown from the Princeton breast. Of Trenchard it can be said truly he put up a very strong game. One or two of his plays I have in mind were as good as one could wish to see on a football field. On the other end, Princeton missed Vincent badly. Randolph played a good game—a very good one, considering he never filled the 'varsity end in a match before. Yale completely boxed him up in that play which sent Laurie Bliss over the line for a touch-down inside of three minutes after the game began, but after that he managed to do some pretty good work.

LEA IS GOING TO MAKE A GREAT TACKLE. He is unfortunate in coming out in a year that knows such stars as Winter, Wallis, Newell, and Upton, and beside them he suffers on comparison. But by another year he should be able to hold his own with any one of them. Even as a green man he has shown an understanding of what it means to "follow the ball," and he made as good a showing against Wallis as could be expected. Harold, on the other side, had his hands more than full with Winter, though he was on him several times when the latter attempted to run with the ball. It is noteworthy, by-the-way, that very little ground-gaining was done by the forwards. Wallis and Winter and Wheeler are usually to be relied on for pretty good gains, but the defence was too fierce on Thursday to permit of their doing much in that direction. The entire energy of the forwards was needed right in the line. The backs did practically all the gaining, and Yale's ability to close holes prevented Princeton from doing much through the line. Wheeler and Lea made holes, but these were closed before the runner got up.

Nothing during the game showed the superiority of the Yale system of coaching so much as the arrangement of the men on this three-minute touch-down of L. Bliss's. On the instant that the interferers started off with the runner, two went down the field to block off Johnny Poe in case Bliss was successful in circling the end. Neither Harvard nor Princeton look so far ahead in a play. Had either of them been making a similar attempt, they would have left the runner to himself after the first move in the play—as Upton was left at Springfield, when with interference he could have gone twice as far, and as was King Thursday, when he raced along the line and no interferer turned him in through a gap that must have been apparent. It is in this carrying out a play to the very last that Yale excels.

OF THE STAR GROUND-GAINERS, Laurie Bliss leads in the Princeton game, as he did at Springfield. He uses his interference better than any man on the field, and he seems to run harder the farther he goes. It is peculiar, with all the skill he brings to bear on every other side of his position, he should be so imperfect on catching. It is his misfortune, too, that his muffs should be the very ones to create dispute on interference. It was his muff at Springfield which went over the line and Hallowell downed, and again his on Thursday that Princeton fell on at Yale's ten-yard line, when the umpire gave interference. The Bliss brothers are both full of good football blood and grit; they exhibited both Thursday. The quality of McCormick's game was not perceptible, because unseen, but he did a great deal towards winning the championship. His interference made many a gain, and his tackling brought down the Princeton runner time and again when he had got through.

WHEN HALL LEARNS MORE OF THE GAME, he will make a stalwart guard indeed; as it was, he put up as good a game Thursday as could be expected of a man who never played football before this season. He breaks through fast enough, but is rather apt to be taken unawares; he is astonishingly active for so large a man, and in time will make a wonderful guard on a team. Wheeler played through the game with a knee that handicapped him greatly, though it was noticeable only in making him less active. He was not into so many plays as he usually is, though his breaking through was up to the mark.

Of the Princeton backs, Morse easily carried off the running honors; he dived into the Yale line with an energy and power that stamps him a bucking half of great promise. In fact, he seemed to be about the only back who could make his gains. In all the 130 yards Princeton made in the game against Yale's 370, Morse made a little over half of them himself, and it is safe to say we shall hear from him again next year if he plays. Poe's run through a broken field after a punt was very pretty, but Princeton's interference was never able to put him around an end, and he lacked weight to make much impression on that Yale rush-line.

BUT AS GOOD AS WAS MORSE, he did not make up for the loss the team sustained in King's weak ankle, which made him go to quarter. Only once King attempted to run, and that weakened his ankle so that another attempt would have put him out. Aside from weakened ankles and strained knees, the physical condition of the Princeton men was first class. They were in prime shape at the end of the game, and apparently equal to playing another half. They showed their strength very clearly by the magnificent defence in the last ten minutes of the game, when Yale had the ball within five yards of their goal-line, and could not advance it a yard. Every Princeton man played heroically in that struggle. Balliet played a steady game, and bothered Stillman considerably, but the latter more than evened up accounts in one fell swoop, when he went through the Princeton snap back like a shot, blocked Homans's kick, and made a touch-down.

The work of Yale's tackles and ends was about as clever as it could have been. They backed each other up, and never by any chance lost sight of the ball. Both Wallis and Winter finish the season with reputations that place them at the head of the list; there are other tackles that may break through as quickly, or perhaps block as hard, but none who play as good football from beginning to the end of the game. Hinkey does not finish the season in such a blaze of glory as last year. He has played just as good football, and is undoubtedly one of the cleverest all-round end rushers on the field, but there are others that come nearer him than they did last year. Greenway bids fair to make a reputation on the other end. Taking the Yale eleven collectively and individually they have played good football right through the season, and richly deserve all the praise they have received.

THE MANAGEMENT OF THE GAME by the University Athletic Club was very successful, with the single exception of the policing of the grounds. In this respect it was very unsatisfactory, being accountable for the appropriation of one stand by persons who had no tickets for it, and for the mob of people on the side-lines. After the elaborate preparations made by the press committee to reduce the number on the field to actual college coachers, and *one* working representative from only the papers giving the game enough attention to warrant their being nearer than the regular press stand, the same old crowd of figure-heads was seen on the side lines. It was a farce, because no police could be spared to put off the field those having no business there. The ticket committee has come in for a great deal of criticism, chiefly from those who failed to get all they wanted. The committee made the serious mistake of not getting the tickets out earlier, which naturally overwhelmed them with business in the last few days, and created considerable dissatisfaction. On the other hand, they kept the tickets from the speculators to a remarkable extent. A very few seats on the day of the game were secured by them, and as they all went to the grounds to sell, some newspaper reporters were deceived into believing the city flooded with tickets.

A larger percentage of college men and their friends saw the game at less expense than ever before, and as this was the chief aim of the committee and the club, the management may be declared to have been successful.

THE FACT THAT I FAILED TO SEE, AND SO STATED last week, any interference with Laurie Bliss when, at Springfield, "he muffed Brewer's kick and it rolled over the Yale touch-line, Hallowell falling on it for a down," has created some partisan criticism. When one has written for several years with a single purpose persistently in view, it is not altogether gratifying to be so misinterpreted. The fact that I am charged with prejudice in Harvard's favor is not worthy of refutation; those who have followed this department will judge between my accusers and me. Errors have probably crept into this department, for the writer makes no claim to infallibility, but he had hoped that every reader of it knew his criticisms—first, last, and always—were solely in the interest of honest, manly sport, directed without fear and without favor.

What I said last week I reiterate this. I was directly on a line with Bliss, I saw no interference of any kind, and could plainly see daylight between Hallowell and Bliss when the latter muffed. I do not believe in dragging this business up again, and Harvard will make a great mistake to enter any protest whatsoever. The game is over and lost, and Yale might with equal judgment protest that play inside Harvard's five-yard line at the end of the first half. My criticism was directed at the umpire, on whom and the referee we are greatly dependent for the character and the future of the game. I do not impugn this particular umpire's intentions; on the contrary, I believe he was entirely honest; but if he is not able to keep a level head and a keen eye in an exciting game, he should decline to officiate.

The interference-decision blunder of Springfield was repeated on Thanksgiving day in New York, when Bliss again muffed, and no Princeton man touched him.

THE ANNAPOLIS-WEST POINT GAME, November 26th, showed that the naval cadets have made an advance in football since last year, while the military cadets have stood still, if, indeed, they have not gone backwards. In one respect, at least, West Point's play was much inferior to the form of '91. They lacked snap, and impressed one early in the game with the fact that they really believed it only a question of how many touch-downs they would make. In other words, they were over-confident; at least they played like it.

Annapolis, on the other hand, played with a desperation that was not to be appeased short of the West Point touch-line. It was a spirit which in actual warfare would have carried those eleven men into the enemy's camp and to victory. It was only a mimic battle-field on Saturday, but the same spirit was there, and it did lead them to victory. Every man on the navy team played football as hard as he knew how, and not more than half of the army eleven responded to Captain Clark's constant admonitions to "brace up." But the game was intensely exciting, and the scene about the gridiron inspiriting enough to set the blood tingling in the most lymphatic veins. On one side the navy, with its ribbons of blue and gold streaming in the breeze, on the other side the army, with its more sombre gray and black colors, in which the corps of cadets was an animated symphony, while inside the lines paced the sentries, stealing furtive glances at the strange battle going on in the centre of the field. And all around were the ladies, "God bless 'em!" where is the sportsman half so true to his colors?

I WONDER IF GENERAL SCHOFIELD THINKS now there is nothing in football but a test of brute strength! I wonder if he and those army officers who have given it but reluctant support do not now realize that the brain plays quite as active a part in the game as the muscles, and that football is a training-school of incalculable value to men whose business is to command, and whose success in their profession depends on courage and the strategic handling of men. In sober earnest, football should be included in the prescribed course at our two National Academies, instead of being frowned upon by officials at Washington, who have stalked up and down in their narrow rut so long they are afraid to venture out of it without a political prop at each side.

WEST POINT LOST THE GAME, 12–4, because they were outgeneralled and outplayed. They began with some fair team-work, and used end wedges to good advantage, but very plainly showed the need of good coaching. When they could have used their greater weight to some purpose in an end wedge, on which play they gained, they attempted an end run and lost, and they lost the ball on four downs without an attempt to kick. It is possible they might not have scored the one touch-down to their credit if Umpire Coffin had ruled on their quarter back's running with the ball direct from the snap back. Stacy, Clark, Pattison, Harbesen, Timberlake, Kutz, and Smith played hard, but they could not stem the navy current. Catching the first punt out, for the try at goal, was very bad judgment, since the back had two or three tries at the catch. In fact, West Point fought valiantly, but Annapolis knew too much football for them.

OF THE NAVY BACKS, Izard did some great work; he is an exceptionally strong line-bucker. Johnson made good gains, and Bagley punted with much judgment. Trench broke through and tackled very cleverly. McCauley was in every play, and Kavanagh held his man well. Bookwalter was slow in getting the ball back, but the backs started quickly, while the West Points were so slow the forwards could not keep the hole open. Annapolis interfered with her backs nicely, and made good gains through the line. Her forwards broke through and downed West Point's runners before they could get under way. The army team was greatly handicapped in losing King at the start, and Pattison later. It was a great game, and one in which the defeated as well as the victorious left the field with honor.

CASPAR W. WHITNEY.

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